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A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF RELIGIONS.

CHAPTER III.

THE RELIGION OF THE SEMITES.

I. THE PHŒNICIANS, SYRIANS, BABYLONIANS, CARTHAGINIANS, AND ARABIANS.

IN the Semitic races the religious spirit rose above nature-worship in the effort to separate God from nature, and to elevate him above nature as Lord, Baal (plural Baalim, either from the different places where he was worshiped, or the various names under which he was worshiped), Bel, El, Adon (Adonis). Thus Bel among the Babylonians, Baal among the Ammonites and Moabites, was the god of light, the lord of heaven, the creator of mankind, who had his throne above the clouds and was invoked on mountains.* Also the title Molech and Baal Molech to designate the Supreme Being among the ancient Phœnicians and Carthaginians, and the nations nearest related to Israel, the Moabites and Ammonites, as well as the derived names Mil-

* Numb. xxii. 41; xxiii. 28; 2 Kings, xxiii. 5.

com (Kamos) [Chemosh, Eng. ver.], among the Ammonites, and Melkarth at Tyre and Carthage, indicate, like Baal, an original effort to conceive God as the ruler of nature. Agreeing with this conception of the Deity, there is manifest, as well in the worship of Baal as of Molech and the female Ashtarte (Melecheth)* [Ashtaroth, Eng. ver.], worshiped with him, partly in the abstinence from marriage, partly in the human sacrifice, especially the sacrifice of the first-born, the aim, through abnegation of the life of sense, and through the sacrifice, even though unnatural, of what is dearest to man, to appease a divinity who as lord and governor rules and subjects to himself the power of nature and every propensity of sense. †

In spite of the effort to elevate the Deity as Lord and King above nature, most of the Semitic nations gradually sank back into the old nature-worship, and, uniting with the worship of the highest God, Baal and Bel, that of a female divinity under the names of Baaltis, Beltis, Aschera, Mylitta, they made religion to consist in the sacrifice of chastity to the will of the Deity, as the fruitful, productive power of nature, and thus fell into gross immorality. ‡

Religion appears in another form among the Semites in the worship of the stars among the Babylonians and ancient Arabians. This astrolatry, originally a kind of fetichism, became nature-worship, and gradually rose to the worship of the intelligence manifested to our contemplation in the movement of the heavenly luminaries. Astrology arose, and religion no longer expressed itself in passive acquiescence, but was united with the effort to guide the life by the knowledge to be drawn, as men imagined, from the motion of the stars.

* Judges. ii. 13; 1 Sam. vii. 4; xii. 10; 1 Kings, xi. 5, 7, 33; 2 Kings, xxiii. 13; Jer. vii. 18; xlv. 17, 19.

† Levit. xviii. 21; xx. 2; 2 Kings, iii. 26, 27; xvi. 3; xxiii. 10; Ps. cvi. 38; Jer. vii. 31; xix. 5; xxxii. 35; Micah, vi. 7; Ezek. xv. 4, 6; [?] xvi. 20. Comp. 1 Kings, xviii: 28.

‡ Numb. xxv. 1, *et seq*; Josh. xxii. 17; Baruch, vi. 41, 43.

II. THE ISRAELITISH RELIGION.

a. *Its origin. The 'patriarchal religion. Mosaism. Prophetism.*

While most of the Semitic nations, in opposition to the effort to elevate God above nature as lord and governor, returned to the old nature-religion with its grossly sensual worship of the divine, and others got no farther than to the conception of a deity, who, like a consuming fire, stood opposed to nature, and was to be appeased and propitiated by human sacrifices, there was developed among the Israelitish people, gradually and in constantly higher measure, in connection with a higher moral and religious disposition, the worship of God as a being who, though distinct from nature, is yet not opposed to it, and thus no longer demands human sacrifices, but obedience and moral consecration.

The common origin of the religion of the Israelites and that of their Semitic relations, though hardly evident even in the oldest monuments of the Hebrew literature, appears from the following facts and particulars: firstly, the composition of Israelitish names not only with El, but also with Baal, such as Jerubbaal (adversary of Baal), (Gideon), * Esbaal, † Meribbaal, ‡ names which afterwards, on account of the aversion which the ever-increasing distance in religion between the Israelitish nation and the nations related to it must, from the nature of the case, have inspired against the name of Baal, are changed into Jerubboseth, § Isboseth, || and Mephiboseth, ¶ as also the interchanging of El and Baal,** of Baal-jada †† and Eljada, ‡‡ seem to point to an ancient period when the name Baal (Lord) was used, like El, Eiohim, El

* Judges, vi. 32. and elsewhere.

† 1 Chron. viii. 33; ix. 39.

‡ 1 Chron. viii. 34; ix. 40.

§ 2 Sam. xi. 21.

|| 2 Sam. ii. 8, and elsewhere.

¶ 2 Sam. iv. 4, and elsewhere.

** Judges, viii. 33; ix. 4. Comp. with ix. 46.

†† 1 Chron. xiv: 7.

‡‡ 1 Chron. iii. 8; 2 Sam. v. 16.

Eljon, El Schaddai, Adonai, even among the Israelites, to designate the Supreme Being. Secondly, the God of Abraham (Elohim), although he desires no human sacrifices, nevertheless praises the willingness of the father to offer up his first-born, and sees in that the highest proof of devotedness and obedience.* Thirdly, circumcision, already before Moses† the bloody symbol of consecration to God,‡ and also the right of Jahveh to the first-born, and the necessity of ransoming them from him,§ imply an earlier conception of the deity as a being, who, although on a higher development of the religion he is not indeed any longer thought to desire human sacrifice, nevertheless has a right to such a sacrifice, and thus demands indemnity for remitting it. Fourthly, the later conception, of Jahveh as a destroying fire and the way in which the God of Israel is conceived in connection with fire, and as manifesting himself in fire,|| betray, even in the midst of a more advanced religious development, an original relationship with the like conceptions of the other Semites. Fifthly, even in the orthodox Jahveh-worship, some symbols, as the twelve oxen in the porch of the temple,¶ the horns of the altar for burnt-offerings,** perhaps also the in part oxlike form of the cherubim,†† point to an earlier worship of the deity under the form of an ox, the symbol of the highest might, especially among the Semitic races.‡‡

In confirmation of the supposition thus suggested of a community of origin in the religion of the Israelites and in that of the nations related to them, there is also to be remarked, firstly, the sympathy always felt among the people

* Gen. xxii.

† Gen. xvii. 23-27,

‡ Ex. iv. 24-26.

§ Ex. xiii. 2, 12-16; xxii. 28, 29; xxx. 11-16; xxxiv. 19, 20.

|| Gen. xv. 17; Ex. iii. 2; xix. 16-18; xxiv. 17; xl. 38; Levit. x. 2; Numb. xvi. 35; Deut. iv. 15, 24; v. 24, 25.

¶ 1 Kings, vii. 25, 29.

** Ex. xxvii. 2.

†† Comp. Ezek. i. 10; x. 14.

‡‡ 1 Kings, xviii. 23.

of Israel for the worship of Baal and Molech, in face of the strongest opposition on the part of the prophets ; * secondly, the statement of Amos, † that even in the wilderness the Israelites worshiped Molech ; thirdly, the fact that in the time of the Judges, Jephthah offered his daughter to Jahveh, ‡ and still later the feeling, not driven out even by Mosaism, § that the wrath of Jahveh must be appeased by human blood, ¶ a necessity which David recognizes ; || fourthly, the ancient custom in Israel, as in the nations related to them, of worshipping the deity on mountains and heights, ¶¶ against which the priestly legislation strove in the interest of the pure worship of Jahveh ; ** fifthly, the heterodox worship of Jahveh in the kingdom of the ten tribes under the form of a calf. ††

From all this it seems fair to conclude that the religion of the oldest forefathers of Israel had its root originally in one and the same soil with the religion of the other Semites. Out of an earlier nature-religion there developed among the Semites the conception of Baal, the lord of nature, and of Molech with his inhuman worship. While, however, the other Semites remained in this lower stage, or rather sank back more and more into the immorality of the nature-religion, — an hypothesis suggested by a comparison of the religious state of the nations of Canaan in Abraham's time with their state at the time of the conquest of the land by Joshua and afterwards, — in the family of Abraham, religious consciousness rose to the recognition of a deity, who, although he had a right to human sacrifices, yet did not claim such sacrifices, but was satisfied with men's willingness to bring them to him. With this higher development of religion, the names of the Supreme

* 1 Kings. xi. 5 ; 2 Kings. xvi. 3 ; xxi. 3 ; xxiii. 4, *et seq.* ; 2 Chron. xxxiii. 3 ; Ezek. xvi. 20, 21 ; Jer. xix. 5.

† Amos. v. 25, 26.

‡ Judges, xi. 30-40.

§ Ex. xxxii. 27-29 ; Numb. xxv. 4.

|| 2 Sam. xxi. 1-14.

¶¶ 1 Kings, iii. 2 ; xi. 7 ; 2 Kings, xii. 3 ; xiv. 4 ; xvii. 11 ; xviii. 4 ; xxiii. 5, 19 ; 2 Chron. xxi. 11.

** 2 Chron. xxxiv. 3 ; Ezek. vi. 3 ; xx. 28.

†† 1 Kings, xii. 28, 33. Comp. Ex. xxxii. 4, 19.

Being, Baal and Molech, originally common to the whole race, came more and more into contempt, and were regarded as the expression of abominable idolatry,* while even the worship of Jahveh under the form of a calf, originally permitted, was later branded by the prophets as heresy.

Though it was in the family of Abraham that even in Mesopotamia † the beginning of this higher development of the Semitic religion showed itself, which, after his migration to Canaan became the heritage of his family, yet the patriarch of Israel did not stand alone in this respect among the Semites. The old Canaanitish chieftains also of the patriarchal period, Melchizedek and Abimelech, worship the same God as he, ‡ while on the other hand in his own family not all traces of polytheistic superstition have disappeared, § and these traces are also visible still later in Israel. ||

The patriarchal religion, which afterwards with the great majority fell into oblivion, was recalled afresh to men's minds by Moses, and the God of the fathers was preached by him under the name before unknown of Jahveh, ¶ to whom, with the exclusion of all other gods, religious worship is due.** The Jahveh of Moses, like the El Eljon of the patriarchs, is the one only object of worship (Deus Unus), yet without excluding the possibility of other gods existing. †† Not until later did the more developed conception of Jahveh arise as the one only God (Deus unicus), ‡‡ who is throned in heaven. and like the Elohim of the patriarchs, encircled by celestial beings (Bene Elohim, Malakim, Angels), who execute his commands, yet are not objects of religious adoration.

The religious standpoint of Moses is the legal. Jehovah stands related to his people as the Holy, as lawgiver and

* Levit. xviii. 21; xx. 2; Deut. xii. 31.

† Gen. xxiv, xxviii.

‡ Gen. xiv. 18-20; xx. 3, 4.

§ Gen. xxxi. 19, 30, *et seq.*; xxxv. 2-4; Joshua, xxiv. 2, 14.

|| Judges, xviii. 14, *et seq.*; 1 Sam. xix. 13; 2 Kings, xviii. 4; Ezek. xx. 7.

¶ Ex. iii. 13, *et seq.*; vi. 2.

** Ex. xx. 2, 3.

†† Ex. viii. 10; xv. 11; xviii. 11; xx. 3.

‡‡ Deut. vi. 4; iv. 28, 35; xxxii. 39; Isaiah, xliv. 6, 8; xlv. 5, 6.

judge; and the true moral consecration to God is symbolically expressed in the ritual, especially in the sacrifice, while the relation of the people to God is based upon the mediation of the priests. Along with this, and out of Mosaism, after the time of Samuel, prophetism was developed, in which independent religious conviction, outside the limits of the priesthood, and without distinction of rank or birth,* awoke among the people. Prophetism, in the domain of religion, is the development of the religious spirit to individual independence and freedom. The prophet, rising above the legal standpoint and outward ceremonial, puts the essence of true worship in morality,† but recognizes also along with the deepest feeling of dependence upon God, in the independence‡ and spontaneity of the religious and moral life, the irresistible power of the divine spirit, by which the Most High, though apart from the world and throned in heaven, puts himself into the closest and most intimate communion with the true worshiper. Thus the gulf which divided Jahveh, as a God afar off, from the world and his worshipers, closed up more and more. With the conviction of the pureness and truth§ of her religion, Israel felt the calling to raise it to the religion of the world, and in the realization of this she saw the ideal of the future. ||

b. The Israelitish religion after the Captivity.

The free character which distinguished prophetism in the religion of Israel changed, after the return of the people from captivity, especially with the party of the Pharisees, to literalness and formalism. The prophets gave place to the synagogue, the living proclamation of the truth to scriptural

* Amos, vii. 14.

† Isa. i. 11-18; Jer. vii. 21-23.

‡ Dutch, *zelfstandigheid*, literally, self-existence; without an equivalent, as far as I know, in vernacular English. — Tr.

§ *Zelfstandigheid*, again, expressing objective existence, reality, independent of subjective thought or feeling. — Tr.

|| Jer. xxxi. 31, *et seq.*; Isa. ii. 2-4; Amos, ix. 12; Isa. xxv. 6; lli. 15; lvi. 6, 7; lxvi. 23; Zech. viii. 23; xiv. 9, 16.

erudition, the spirit of freedom to slavish subjection to Scripture and tradition. As the ancient productions of the Indian literature, originally the expression of the popular thought of India, were elevated by the Brahmins into Veda, holy, inspired scripture, so also the religious literature of Israel took on the character of a closed Canon, so that what was once the expression of religious life became now rule of faith. The standpoint of the law which prophetism had already overcome was again strongly maintained, the law enriched with a number of new ordinances, and the essence of religion made to consist partly in dogmatic speculation, partly in a merely outward service, devoid of inner life. The Messianic prediction, or the expectation that the kingdom, divided in Rehoboam's reign, once more united under a prince of the house of David, should be exalted to new bloom and lustre,—which in the older prophets was the natural and historically explicable form in which the ideal of Israel's future presented itself to the seer, but which, under the influence of the changed political conditions, had already been replaced in the later prophecy by the more general conception of a future triumph of the true religion of which Israel was the bringer,—* returned, yet not as the ideal of the prophetic spirit, but as a dogma, the product of scriptural interpretation. The pure monotheism, by which formerly a place in the Providence of God had been allotted to everything, even to moral evil, † became corrupted, under the influence of Parsism, by the conception of two kingdoms, of God and of the Devil. The angels, originally the messengers of Providence, became under mythological names, Gabriel, Raphael, Michael, &c., so many middle beings who filled the space between the Deity, existing apart from the world, and the world. The lower world (*sheol*, *אֲדָמַת*), formerly the general abode of the dead, of bad and good without distinction, was split into two parts, paradise and gehenna, and became a place of recompense, and, along with this, religion, once an end, became the means of warding off a dreaded punishment, or of gaining a future of bliss.

* Isa. liii.

† Job i, ii. — Tr.

The doctrine of immortality, as the continuation of man's moral development, which was formerly unknown in Israel, appeared, as in the later Parsism, in the form of a bodily resurrection of the dead, at first of the righteous only, but afterwards in the form of a general resurrection, by mediation of the Messiah, at whose appearing, which was expected just before the end of the present state of things, the great judgment of the world, of living and dead, was to be held, heaven and earth renewed, and the kingdom of God founded. Beside the learned party of the Pharisees stood the Sadducees, who subordinated religion to politics, rejected the Messianic idea and the authority of tradition, and, in denying immortality in the form of a bodily resurrection, failed to perceive the truth of immortality, for whose recognition the premises and germs existed in the religion of Israel, though not as yet developed. The third party, that of the Essenes, was marked by quiet piety, and in many respects also by excessive asceticism. In the midst of the Pharisaic formalism, the unbelief of the Sadducees, and the pietism of the Essenes, there was yet in Israel a seed of true worshipers, who, though not above the dogmatic prejudices of their time, had heart and mind open for the true religion, and who set the true blessing to be looked for from the Messiah in the satisfying of their religious and moral needs.

3. THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

The Israelitish religion, which reached its highest stage of development in prophetism, but which among the later Jews after Ezra degenerated, with the Pharisees into formalism and worship of the letter, with the Essenes into mysticism and asceticism, and which with the Sadducees, along with the sacrifice of the prophetic ideal of the future, was subordinated to politics, developed in Christianity, but freed from once cherished national expectations and outward forms, into a purely spiritual knowledge and worship of God. Jesus fathomed the deep meaning of the religion of his people, and its original fitness to become, through higher development,

the religion of the world. Jesus devoted himself to the end of forming the human race into one great society (the kingdom of heaven), of which religion should be the soul and life, and, convinced of his calling, proclaimed himself as the Son of man, who, as such, belonged not to Israel alone, but to mankind. Jesus combated both the formalism and exclusiveness of the Pharisees, and the unbelief of the Sadducees, and with word and deed preached a religion which, independent of all outward form, took hold of the human heart, and which, developing into an independent principle in man, was to find its commission, not in the authority of Scripture or tradition, not even in that of his name, but in its own power and truth. In him religion appeared as the power of self-sacrificing love, which fears not even death, and to which dying is not the losing of life, but the development of life. In distinction from other religions, in which either God and man are strangers to each other, and opposed to each other, or man's personality is, as it were, sunk in God, Christianity is the religion by which man, in the full enjoyment of individual development, and with the sense of his own strength, lives in the consciousness of the most entire dependence upon God. Religion in its highest form, conceived as the oneness of man with God, is realized in Christianity. *

4. ISLAMISM.

The religion of the ancient nomadic tribes of the Arabian peninsula originally exhibited a polytheistical character, in the form of the worship, in part of sacred stones, in part of the powers of nature, especially of the stars, whose position and motion were thought to exert an influence, beneficent or baneful, upon the destinies of men. With these conceptions was combined a certain leaning toward monotheism, which

* The most original sources of the Christian religion are the Synoptic Gospels, in which, however, criticism must distinguish between the older and later portions. The fourth Gospel is marked by a more profound speculation upon the person and the work of Christ, by which the Christian mind freed itself entirely from the Jewish forms in which Jesus, as a popular teacher in Israel, had set forth his doctrine.

manifested itself especially in the common worship of Allah taala (equivalent to El Eljon), which was afterwards quickened and strengthened by association with the Jewish tribes, with whom they held themselves to be related by descent from Abraham. The Parsee doctrine of demons, also, was not unknown in Arabia, after the conquest of the Persians in the fifth century. After the third, fourth, and fifth centuries, Christianity also, though in a corrupt form, or, definitely, in the form of Monophysitism and Nestorianism, which had been condemned by the church, became established in Arabia.

Amid such diverse elements, there was need of unity in the domain of religion, a need for which Mohammed, after the example of others of his family, sought to provide.

He was born at Mecca (571) of an honorable family, belonging to the Koreish tribe. Finding no satisfaction for his restless spirit in the trade to which after his parents' death he had at first devoted himself, he gave himself up, in solitary retirement, to quiet meditation, and became more and more convinced of his calling to put an end, by means of a better religion, to the confusion existing among his countrymen with regard to religion. The religious idea which overmastered him presented itself to his powerful Oriental imagination in the form of a vision as a revelation of Allah taala, made to him in the fortieth year of his life by mediation of the angel Gabriel. His conviction, thus acquired, was confirmed by revelations afterwards received; and, shared at first with a small circle of trusted friends, gradually spread wider, until at last Mohammed came forward in the ancient sanctuary, the Kaaba, at Mecca, as prophet of Allah. For this he was pursued by his countrymen, and fled from thence to Medina, in the year 622, the beginning of the Moslem era. The number of his followers increasing, he had recourse to arms. He conquered Mecca in 630, and made the Kaaba, after destroying the idols in it, the sanctuary of the new religion.

The doctrine of Mohammed (Islam, submission to God, whence his followers take the name of Moslems), is contained

in the Koran. The various Suras, or divisions, originally the revelations received by the prophet at different periods of his life reduced to writing, were, soon after his death, united by Abu Bekr into one holy book, under the name of the Koran (*al Kitab*, the book), which, like the Bible among the later Jews and Christians, was clothed with divine authority. The central doctrine of Mohammed is the belief in one God, Allah, who, as the Creator and Lord of all things, in strictest isolation from the world, is throned in heaven. All that takes place upon the earth befalls according to the eternal decree of God, a conception in which, at least among the Orthodox Moslems, the Sunnites, who are distinguished in this respect, as in others, from the dissenting Shiites, there is no place left for human freedom. This God has from the earliest times revealed himself to some privileged men, Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus (*Isa*). To the last is due the honor of having been the reformer of degenerate Judaism. He is not, as the Christians of Mohammed's time taught, the Son of God in a metaphysical sense, much less God himself, — Allah is one, he neither begets nor is begotten, — but a prophet of human descent. The greatest and last prophet is Mohammed himself, in whom prophetism reached its fulfillment. Along with the doctrine regarding God and his relation to the world, prayer, hospitality, and benevolence occupy a prominent place in the teaching of Mohammed, looked at from its practical side, and also the belief in a future life, in the Jewish-Parsee form of the resurrection of the dead, the judgment of the world, future reward and punishment, paradise and hell. The truth of this divine revelation rests upon the very fact of its having been revealed, and, according to Mohammed, it no more needs scientific proof than confirmation by miracles, to which Islamism did not appeal until later.

The opinion which formerly prevailed among Christians that Mohammed was an impostor, a false prophet, was bound up with the conception that God, to the exclusion of other nations, had revealed himself immediately and supernaturally

first to Israel, and afterwards through Christ to all mankind. Hence it followed that Christianity was not prized as the highest religion, existing along with less developed forms of religion, but was opposed as the only true religion to all others, which were regarded as the fruit of imposture and error, an opinion to which the religious and political struggles in which Islam and Christendom have been involved also richly contributed. Mohammed was seer and prophet, filled with fiery zeal for religion, and, while he stands indeed in this respect, both personally and with regard to the contents of his preaching and the means by which he sought to gain admission for his doctrine, below the seers of Israel, and far below the founder of Christianity, yet, on the other hand, his monotheism, abstract as it is, must be regarded as a wholesome reaction against the ever-increasing polytheistical superstition to which in his time the Christian church of the East especially had sunk. Islamism stands, however, below original Christianity, the religion of Jésus and the Apostles, in that, by separating God, as the abstract one Supreme Being, from the world, it leaves no place for the doctrine of God's immanence, or the indwelling of the Spirit of God in man. Hence in Islamism the divine revelation remains purely mechanical, with no natural point of connection in man, and therefore there is no possibility of an enduring prophetism, which is the fundamental principle of Christianity. From this separation of God and man, the Mohammedan doctrine of predestination, in distinction from the Christian, acquires its abstract and fatalistic character, whereby man, instead of being regarded as a being in whose free activity God's power and life are glorified, is conceived as a passive instrument of a higher power. To true moral independence, therefore, the Moslem does not attain. His religion is legal and external, and therefore intolerant and exclusive; and when Islamism, led by excited passion and a heated imagination, disregarded the sanctity of marriage, and held up as a reward before the faithful Moslem a paradise characterized by sensual enjoyment, it missed at once the deep moral and spiritual character

of Christianity. To these defects must be ascribed the fact that Islamism, adapted to the need of the East, and therefore spread over a large part of Asia and Africa, has not, with the exception of the empire of Turkey, and for a time also of Spain, penetrated Europe; and, overshadowed by a higher development of humanity, has reached its highest bloom, while Christianity, brought back to its original purity, remains the religion of the civilized world.

A SCENE IN JUDEA.

Soft shone the parting sunlight
O'er Jordan's sacred stream;
Its silver waters turned to gold
Beneath the glowing beam.

In shadow lay the valleys,
While o'er the hills was shed
A glory, like the pictured light
Round some Madonna's head.

Where thick vines hung their tendrils
Around a lowly door,
And 'mid the russet leaves the grapes
Blushed forth in purple store,

A dark-eyed Jewish mother
Watched the bright setting sun,
And waited for the close embrace
That told a journey done.

The hill-tops lost their glory,
But still the west was red,
When came along the dusty slope
The light and eager tread.

A youth, whose cheek was flushing
With manhood's early pride,
Leading a bright-haired little one,
Came bounding to her side.

"I know that long you've waited
Beside our cottage door ;
And yet we could not choose but stay,
As ne'er we stayed before.

"Within our ancient temple
We heard the choral hymn,
And saw the altar-fires curl up,
With fragrant myrrh made dim.

"We passed the sacred portal,
And there an eager crowd,
With voices raised and faces stern,
Disputed long and loud.

"And then we saw a Teacher
With gentle step draw near ;
He took sweet Rachel by the hand,
And bade her not to fear.

"Nor could she fear, — so loving,
So earnest, was that face ;
And where the Teacher led I came,
And in that holy place,

"Amid the men of wisdom
That gathered round him there,
He stood, and placed his gentle hand
Upon her golden hair.

"Sweeter than Kedron's ripples,
These deep, low words were said,
With all the time his hand of love
Upon her childish head : —

" 'Why ask who shall be greatest?
For, like this little child,
The greatest must be least of all,
Lowly, and meek, and mild.' "

"They say he stills the tempest
When loud the billows roar ;
His mighty hand can to the blind
Their long-lost sight restore.

"And yet our little Rachel
He blessed with heavenly tongue,
And set her o'er those hoary men,
Though she is weak and young."

With joy that tender mother
The blessed tidings heard ;
Her heart, in prayer to Israel's God,
Rose with no spoken word.

And as the streaming moonlight
Fell on the upturned face,
She thought the holy words had lent
Her child a heavenly grace.

And they of heaven's blest kingdom
Could scarcely be more fair,
Than she who by her mother's side
Knelt in the evening prayer.

"Peace of mind being secured, we may smile at misfortune."

MANNERS.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE SEVERAL YOUNG LADIES' SCHOOLS.
BY A. P. PEABODY, D.D.

YOUNG ladies, it would be unworthy equally of you and of myself, for me to attempt your amusement merely. The occasion is as solemn as it is glad. For you, who now leave school, it is among the momentous epochs of life,—the transition-epoch from tutelage to self-education,—from a routine of prescribed duties to a condition in which (not indeed, I trust, without seeking both worthy human counsel and direction from on high) you are in a great and increasing measure to mark out your own way, and to assume for yourselves the responsibilities which others have borne for you. Your education, while it has had for its direct object the acquisition of knowledge, and the discipline of your intellectual powers, has derived all its value from its ultimate end of fitting you to serve God in useful lives. If you go hence with no higher than selfish aims, the labor bestowed upon you has been worse than wasted ; for it has only multiplied the talents for whose unfaithful use you are to render account to your God and your Judge. I shall now address you as not unmindful of your religious obligations, and as desirous of ministering to the happiness of those around you. I have selected for my subject "Manners," as a department of duty and of usefulness, as demanding Christian culture, and as giving the crowning grace to the truly Christian character.

In the Greek, and (as I suppose you all know) in the Latin tongue, the same word denoted both *manners* and *morals*. In a future better than the present, this will again be the case in all languages,—but with a most momentous difference. The ancients degraded morals to the level of manners ; Christian culture will raise manners to the level of morals. Among the ancients, though in some few writers we find traces of a more just view, general sentiment derived morals from the existing notions and customs of society, so that the

question of right was a question of time and place, — what was wrong at Athens might be right at Corinth, — the same thing might be right in one generation, and wrong in the next. We believe that right and wrong are intrinsic qualities of actions, dependent on the nature of things, — a distinction not created even by the divine commandments, but the foundation on which the divine commandments rest, so that the laws of God are not right because they are His, but His because they are right. Now we are too prone to treat manners as if they belonged to a lower plane, and were of inferior obligation. I would show you that manners are morals, — matters not of caprice, or indifference, but of sacred obligation, to be formed and governed by precisely the same principles which you would recognize in what you call the most important concerns of life.

In the first place, the happiness of families and of society depends fully as much on manners as on morals. Especially for you, my friends, who are to be priestesses at the domestic altar, whose first and chief sphere of duty will be the homes that are and the homes that will be yours, it is emphatically true that you have no surer or higher means of usefulness than such manners as become a Christian woman. The most rigid rules of Puritanic virtue will not suffice for the ease and comfort of home-life, will not conciliate friends, will not render social intercourse kindly and profitable. There are good persons who make piety itself unlovely, — persons who cultivate rudeness; who are acrid or bitter in their very acts of charity; who perform duty with a defiant air; whose speech, instead of being "with grace seasoned with salt," is all salt without any grace.

But when we look at the opposite of this picture, who can estimate the happiness that grows from the thousand courtesies and amenities of daily life, from the constant outflow of genial kindness in domestic and social intercourse, from modesty and mutual deference, from the unstudied grace and delicacy which denote, not artificial polish, but true refinement of heart? The daughter, the sister, the wife, whose sweet and gentle manners adorn her home, and breathe around her

an atmosphere which soothes and gladdens all within her reach, exercises a ministry which makes her a very angel of the household. Her light shines on in its quiet beauty, and not as a mere house-lamp. Its rays reach farther than she knows. They kindle sister-luminaries that shed their radiance on other homes, in an ever-widening circle, on even to coming generations. And, in the day when all secret things shall be revealed, hers may appear to have been a far more extended and enduring mission of love, than had she forsaken the home-sphere for those more conspicuous ministries in which so many highly gifted and conscientious, but, as I think, misguided women are now courting the public eye and ear.

I would next say with emphasis, Bad manners always indicate some gross defect of character. Individuality, indeed, manifests itself naturally and rightfully, and can never be offensive in mien and utterance, unless it be so in temper and spirit. But annoying eccentricity in manners proceeds only from selfishness, in some one of its Protean forms, — from overbearing and obtrusive egotism, from a haughty indifference to others, from a vanity which courts perpetual observation, or from a contemptuous pride which scorns to do what others do. Frivolous manners denote a lack of depth, earnestness, sincerity, — a moral nature too shallow for fixed principle, too fickle to sustain itself against any fashionable folly or evil. Rude manners indicate the absence of due regard to the rights of others, in fine, a dishonesty of heart; and you need never be surprised to find a person who is uncivil in speech and demeanor, ready for any act of social injustice, — ready to undermine and overreach others, — careless of the truth and the right even in matters of the gravest importance.

I know that it is not uncommon to apologize for bad manners. We are sometimes told that a person whose manners are coarse, or harsh, or overbearing, has a good heart, — means well. I do not believe that there is any more truth or justice in such an apology than if it were offered for confessedly immoral conduct. The truth is, you never lay aside your personality, — its good or its evil. It gives tone to your voice, expression to your features; it looks out of your eyes,

plays in your fingers, walks with you, sits in your chair ; and, if you make yourself justly disagreeable or annoying to any one, it is because there is some part of this complex personality of yours that is in itself disagreeable and annoying. You can improve your manners, then, only by improving your character.

A great deal is said about the forming of manners. I have often seen this named as a specialty in the prospectus of a school for young ladies. I know of no way of forming manners, except informing them with the spirit which they ought to manifest. You may, indeed, copy motions and intonations designed to be graceful ; but if they are out of character, they will not be graceful. They will seem the mockery that they are. They will give the impression that you are endeavoring to appear what you are not, that is, you will be called *affected* ; and there is nothing in manners so much despised as affectation. I am inclined to think that affected people despise it in themselves ; for it is always inferred, when one puts on a false show, that it is to conceal something very much worse than appears.

We now ask, Whence come good manners ? What are their formers and inspirers ? I answer, Precisely the same as the formers and inspirers of good morals ; for manners are morals. Our Saviour epitomizes all duty in love or piety toward God, and love or charity toward man. These, if both real and profound, will give color and expression to the least details of conduct and behavior. But many persons have enough of piety and of charity to keep them from gross immorality, yet not enough to shape their manners. They are to a certain extent good people, yet not good enough to be gentle, graceful, genial, winning, — all which they would be without any special effort, if they would only pray more and love more.

Piety toward God bears a most important part in forming the manners. Here let me say a few words as to manners with reference to sacred places, objects, names and subjects. This head will include, I believe and trust, a portion of your lives by no means insignificant. Not only will you be, I

hope, constant attendants on public worship ; but you will be otherwise often brought into close relations with religious subjects, which are discussed with us more than with any other people in common society, and on occasions not distinctively connected with religion. Now I have sometimes heard young ladies talk over the last sermon, perhaps on a theme of awful solemnity, with as much levity and flippancy of manner, as they would show in comparing opinions about a novel or a farce. This is sheer profanity ; and it would be well to remember that the guilt of profaneness consists, not in the precise words that are uttered, but in an irreverence and frivolity, which can be expressed just as manifestly and criminally in tone and manner as in express words. The manners of young persons, also, on sacred occasions, in the house of God, and during religious services, sometimes merit the gravest censure. Whispering, needless motion, gestures of impatience, impertinent staring, restless wandering of the eye, airs and arts designed to draw attention, — all these are as unbecoming on the score of good manners, as they are offensive to reverence and piety ; they are a sure index of vulgarity and low breeding, no matter what may be the social position from which such an example proceeds. All subjects, places and occasions, identified with God and his worship, ought to inspire in the manners something corresponding to the unshodden feet with which the Hebrew entered the sanctuary ; and the truly devout person, without wishing to make any parade of devotion, will spontaneously manifest a grave and reverential demeanor in connection with all things that are really sacred.

But piety has a still more extended influence upon the manners. We are always within temple-gates, and on holy ground, and this true piety cannot forget. Not that the habitual sense of the Divine presence ought to produce in the manners aught of gloom, moroseness, or austerity. The very contrary. It bids the young to rejoice in their youth. If there be a thought that should cherish happiness, gayety, even mirth in fit time and place, it is the assurance that our joy is beneath the eye of Almighty Love, — of him who has

made everything beautiful in its season. Yet, when there is the spirit of true devotion, mirth can never sink into that reckless levity, that vapid frivolity, which is worthy only of a mere animal existence, and which we find it hard to associate in thought with a living soul. This, my young friends, I would have you shun. I would have you never forget that you are the children of God and the heirs of immortality; and this consciousness, while it will immeasurably enhance your happiness, will yet impart a self-respect, a dignity, a seriousness, underlying even the most festive scenes and aspects of life, and ever and anon cropping out, so that while you will shun all obtrusive religious profession and untimely religious utterance, your manners will bear sure tokens of the unction from the Holy One, — of the truer, deeper, nobler life which will be yours, if you indeed dwell in God, and God in you.

No less important is the agency of love to man in forming the manners. Politeness is but the sign-language of kindness; and he who has the kindness in his heart, even if he does not know its conventional sign-language, can coin one of his own, fully as intelligible and no less pleasing. It is a significant fact, that, in the classic tongues, in all the languages derived from them, and in our own through the Latin, *grace* and its synonyms have a double meaning, *kindness* and *beauty*, — the former manifesting itself in the latter, — the one the spirit or soul, the other the form or body, therefore fitly bearing the same name. So close is this relation between spirit and form, that a kind heart will not only make any one's manners graceful, but, if you give it time, will mould any face, however coarse or hard, into its own type of beauty, — though this process does take time, and often first shows itself at an age when mere surface-beauty fades and vanishes.

Graceful manners are generally coveted, and are often made the express object of study, effort, and self-training; but all in vain, if you remain cold, or scornful, or irritable, or petulant. These traits cannot be so masked that they will not betray themselves in ungraceful ways; and they show themselves the more, the more you attempt to hide them. You are sometimes, as you term it, mortified at having ap-

peared ill. I think, if you will look deeper, you will at such times see that you ought to be ashamed for having felt ill, — for having let some bitterness, or dislike, or unamiable emotion take and keep possession of you. If you would appear well, you must work from within outward. Extinguish enmity, discard prejudice against persons, root out envy and uncharitableness, cultivate kind relations only, make it your duty and your happiness to give pleasure, — you may then let your manners take care of themselves ; they cannot but bear witness to the love unfeigned that gives them shape and fills them with its own joy-breathing spirit.

Young ladies, you may think it strange that I have chosen such a subject. You may deem it rather out of place that a gentleman whom most of you never saw before should come hither to lecture you on good manners. I want to tell you why I have selected this subject, and have spoken of it as if it were of the very gravest importance.

In the first place, your manners can contain and embody as much of the deepest feeling and the highest principle as you can put into the most important acts of your lives. I do not admit the difference between great and small in morals. Our acts are mere counters, no matter whether of bone or ivory, copper or gold ; they bear to the Divine eye, not the value of their material, but the soul-worth of which they are the token. If you do the duty of the moment, because it is your duty and you love to do it, it makes no difference morally, whether that duty be some graceful form of heart-felt courtesy to a friend, a stranger, a child, a servant, or a substantial benefit or kindness that will be remembered for years.

In the next place, it is precisely in this department that, for the present, a large portion of your field of discipline and progress lies. You are sheltered from such temptations as your brothers must encounter in the outside world. At your age you can seldom have the means or the opportunity of doing great things. But here are these thousand little things to be done every day, — matters of detail, many of them of routine, all of which, however, have a moral character, and may be freshened, sweetened, vivified, endowed with an ever

new interest and charm, if you will only do them, as with hand and tongue, so with heart and soul, and will put into them the very best that is in you. If you neglect these things, you will not grow morally, as you ought to grow, and might grow.

Then, again, there lie before all of you great emergencies of duty and of trial, and these you will meet in precisely the way and spirit in which you shall have been accustomed to perform the little duties, courtesies and kindnesses of daily life.

Finally, if you will seriously contemplate these minor morals, as they are sometimes called, they will make you feel more than all things else your need of a profoundly religious spirit. You cannot think of them without being conscious of your own imperfections and shortcomings. These things that seem so easy are often too much or too many for you. Selfishness, or indolence, or false shame, or mere caprice, more or less scants, almost every day, the incense of the daily sacrifice, that ought to go up to heaven from manners always pure, and sweet, and kind. For these little things, these least things, for manners that shall be faultlessly simple, modest, gentle and genial, you need to be bathed in the spirit of piety, — you need to sit constantly at the feet of that Saviour, who in nothing more truly manifested his divinity than in lowliness, meekness, and gentleness in his walk among men. That in mien and deportment, as in spirit, you may bear his image, you need ever to offer the prayer, "Lord, make clean my heart within me, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me."

Poetry, like truth, is a common flower. God has sown it over the earth, like daisies, sprinkled with tears, or glowing in the sun, even as he places the crocus and the March frosts together, and beautifully mingles life and death. — *Ebenezer Elliott.*

SAINTS PAUL AND PETER AT ROME.

ONE OF A SERIES OF LECTURES ON ROME IN COURSE OF DELIVERY.

BY REV. C. T. BROOKS.

I SPOKE of the melancholy beauty of the Roman Campagna, with its harvest of historic memories, forever clothing that desolate landscape in its bleakest and barest season; with the endless movement of phantom processions crossing and recrossing the scene in every direction; with the scattered monuments dotting that ocean-like desert, as if they were floating fragments of the wrecks of an extinct grandeur that had gone down engulfed in the sea of time. I spoke of that region of the earth as transcending, in its combination of natural grace and majesty with richness and variety of historic interest, all other portions of the earth's surface it has ever been my fortune to visit; though Scotland and Switzerland, for instance, enchain the senses and the soul with unique and thrilling charms of song and story, and Tyrol or Thermopylæ or Platea, and many another theatre of struggling liberty and heroic self-sacrifice, might, if I had seen and *felt* them, rise up to my memory and make me pause in my decision, and admonish me, at least, that "comparisons are (often impertinent, if not) odious," and that the sublime in nature and in moral action, being divine, is everywhere equal to itself, and *a something immense and infinite*.

I suppose the one tract of earth pre-eminently proper to compare and contrast with the environs of Rome would be the country round about Jerusalem, and with that I am acquainted only in imagination.

But there are two historic figures, forever sacred to the world's memory, which connect, in the thoughts of every Christian scholar, the two cities of Rome and Jerusalem, and which, when in his musings he reverts to the Roman Campagna, emerge from the shifting and intermingling throngs of shadowy forms forever renewing the heroic and barbaric ages, and draw near to him as claiming a peculiar kindred,

and with a certain home-breathing appeal of holy affection take possession of his heart. I speak, of course, of the two saints, Paul and Peter,—in that order a Protestant names them, though a Roman Catholic ranks them as *Peter and Paul*.

Whatever mass of false or doubtful legends credulity or imposture may have heaped up around the true story of the lives and deaths of these two pioneers and martyrs of the Christian faith, and whatever enormous assumption of groundless authority their venerable names have been made to sanction and to sanctify, there remains enough of high probability and historic certainty to let the last years of one of them and the last days, at least, of the other, reflect a holy light of simple and sober truth upon the city of the Cæsars, and add the last and strongest link to its claim to be called a "city of the soul."

When you have left the Forum by the Colosseum, and, passing under the Arch of Constantine down the broad and shady avenue which was opened for the grand entry of Charles V. into the city, in the middle of the sixteenth century, presently emerge into the narrow lane, lined with so many impressive monuments of classic and Christian fame, if then your mind and heart are free and open to the manifold voices that come from the ground and from the air, you will tread with a slow and thoughtful step; for around that defile between the Aventine and Coelian hills, where the sombre plume of the tall, solitary cypress stands sentinel by the tomb of the Scipios, and the picturesque old arch of Drusus opens the vista to the Campagna through the gate of Saint Sebastian, along the line of the Aurelian wall, are clustered more of the soul-stirring memorials of events sacred to the classic scholar and the Christian pilgrim than can well be found compressed within the same compass in any part of Rome. Here begins the famous Appian Way. The letters P. C. mark the site of the vanished Capuan gate, through which Cicero, in one of his orations, bids you pass out and look upon the tombs of the great families, the Scipios, the Metelli, and others, and ask yourselves *whether the sleepers*

there are unhappy because they are dead. How still and solitary is now the lane that once flashed back to the sky the splendor of stately mausolea, and flung up the music and the glitter of triumphal armies, returning from the bounds of the world with the spoils of nations and their captive kings! To-day the silence of the noontide is unbroken save by the hum of the locust or the rustle of the lizard, as the flash of green lightning along the wall marks the line of his flight, startled by the step of man from his sunny basking-place. On the right, along the slope of the Aventine, leans over the lane the luxuriant hedge of tall, yellow-flowering broom, girdled by osier bands or long strips of cane, interspersed with the rose and the eglantine, the laurustina and the acacia, and a multitude of flowers to me nameless. Over the top of the high brick wall that in another part shuts in the road, peep the golden orange and the red flowers of the pomegranate or the oleander; there grow in profusion "the humble tribe of flowers that go by the ignoble name of weeds; and over them," in the beautiful language of a painter and poet, "held down by the green cord of the stalk, balance the rent balloons of hundreds of flaming scarlet poppies that seem to have fed on fire." Well may the flower of sleep make here its favorite home, where the ambition of earth's mighty ones, baffled and weary with its vain efforts, has sunk exhausted to rest.

Slowly the musing traveler passes onward to where, on the left, the Columbaria lift their roofs above the vineyards, and, on the right, lie scattered over acres the enormous and "mountainous ruins" (as Shelley calls them) of the Baths of Caracalla. Vaults that have become natural bridges rear their dizzy and dangerous pathway crowned with trees and overhung with flowers; solitary masses of masonry rise here and there, that have become blooming mountain-peaks of flowering shrubbery; and the high arches and loopholes of time form a rich, though ragged, frame for the setting of such pieces of landscape-painting as the eye of man shall seldom see. From those mountains, through those windows, "Look out over the wide-spread Campagna. There," says one who saw it with the eye of a poet and a painter, "there sleep in

the sunshine the steep sides of Gennaro, with tender purple shadows nestling behind its cloven wedges. There, like a melody, rises from the long, still level of the sea the varied and undulating line of Monte Albano, sweeping in exquisite curves to the crest of Monte Cavi. Far off a shining band flashes between the land and sky, — there lies the Mediterranean. Below you, stretching off toward the mountains, amid broken towers, tombs, and castled ruins, that everywhere strew its rolling surface, behold that long line of arches, with here and there great gaps opening between lofty, ivy-covered fragments that seem like portions of grand porticos, — that is the Claudian Aqueduct. It domineers over all other ruins that you see, stretching its arches out and out till, 'fine by degrees and beautifully less,' they run away into the mountains' bosom. There it lies, like the broken vertebræ of some giant plesiosaurus, a ruined relic of a mighty age and a distant time. From 'the heart of the purple mountain,' the shadow of trees and the song of birds, it drew its waters to supply the baths of the Romans in this very ruin on which we stand; and the sylvan stream that listened on the hill-tops to the nightingale, and was brushed by the wavering butterfly, here, leaping at last to light from its dark and narrow prison, heard suddenly the clash of gladiators' swords, and the murmur of a Roman populace."

But all this is hushed, and the very story of the life to which these monstrous relics testify sounds almost fabulous. Meanwhile other memories, more sublime and more living to the heart, hover over this consecrated ground of Pagan story. Near these very remains of Roman luxury and power and magnificence stands the venerable Christian church built over the entrance of the oldest of that cluster of Catacombs, where, for three hundred years, —

"The faithful people, circled by their dead,
Worshipped their God in peace. Three hundred years
Passed like three days; and lo! that Power went forth
Which conquered Death.

. . . . The apostles reigned at Rome,
Reigned from their tombs and conquered from their dust."

But the place carries us back to the earthly lifetime of the apostles also. We cross the street to the little church of "Domine, quo vadis," whose title calls up to the mind's eye the image of the aged Peter, when, according to the tradition, having been imprisoned by order of Nero, and awaiting his execution, he had been, in some way unknown to the legend, rescued by the faithful, and persuaded to fly from the city under cover of the night; but was arrested just at this point on the Via Appia by the vision of his Master, approaching the city by the same road, and, in answer to the question of the amazed apostle, "Lord, whither goest thou?" came the significant admonition which instantly sent the old disciple back to his martyrdom, "I am going to the city again to be crucified," — that is, "I go to be crucified afresh by the unfaithfulness of my followers." This was the thought that smote Simon to the heart, as he had been before more than once smitten.

It is a somewhat striking fact that in a city and church that builds its spiritual dignity on the supremacy of Peter among the apostles, a tradition should have taken root which not only renews the memory of that disciple's old weakness, but brings a lingering shadow of it across the brightness of his setting sun. At the same time it must be confessed that there is a fitness and *keeping* about this story, which distinguishes it favorably from the great mass of traditions relating to the apostles in the Roman Church.

There are some points in the legend of which we cannot say as much. Within this church, also called "Mary of the footsteps," is a *fac-simile* of the stone which once stood before the doorway, the original having been deposited in the opposite church of St. Sebastian, containing the alleged imprint of the Saviour's foot miraculously left there. I do not think much, however, of the objection satirically made by the author of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," who says, "*It seems wonderful* that an immaterial spirit should leave a sentient impression on matter;" one wonders where any one can have been living who does not know that spiritual force *is* making perceptible impressions on matter every day. The

Divine Spirit does, and I think the face and skull of man show that the human spirit does.

But the figure of the rugged, weather-beaten, ruddy-faced, and still eager-eyed old "pilot of the Galilean lake," as Milton calls him, stealing out over the Appian Way at dead of night, a fugitive from prison, by no distant association, and with but a slight change in the focus of the mystic glass of fancy, brings to mind the image, not in the dusky legend, but in the noonday light of history, of another illustrious prisoner, who comes chained over that same Appian Way to the city where his blood was to be the seed of the church, — the pale, thoughtful, scholarly pilgrim of the Mediterranean shores and waters, the sword-bearer of the Spirit and the torch-bearer of the truth to the nations.

It certainly must strike an independent and impartial mind as singularly incongruous with the imposing assumption of supremacy for Peter, and the place he has so long held as founder and father and perpetual head of the Roman Church, that, whereas Paul's connection with Rome stands out clearly and fully visible in the sacred history, the bare fact of *Peter's* ever having been at Rome, except perhaps long enough to accomplish there his martyrdom, rests upon very scanty and doubtful tradition. The most considerate Protestant writers are inclined now to admit that he did probably die there; but that he spent any time, any number of years there, as Paul did, none but credulous and interested Romanists and kindred votaries of tradition in the patriarchal churches have ever believed. Absolutely the only pretense to Scripture proof that the fisherman ever was at Rome is contained in the salutation and at the end of one of his Epistles, where he mentions the church at *Babylon*, which has been thought to have a mystic reference to Rome, like that in the Revelations. But *Paul*, while he was a prisoner at Rome, wrote a number of Epistles, to the Colossians, to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, and in none of them does he make the least allusion to Peter. He associates himself with Timotheus in his greetings to the churches, but it never reads "Peter and Paul." One may say, if he pleases, that Peter, in his humil-

ity, might have given place to his learned brother ; but if Peter was really recognized by the church, and by Christ appointed, as its primate, it is to me utterly incredible that Paul should have allowed any such false modesty on his part.

There is one point of view, it must be confessed, in which there would seem to be a certain fitness and felicity in the manifest destiny which in the course of events selected Peter as the head of the Roman Church ; for that church, in the manner and spirit of its course between the things of this world and the things of God, has reproduced that alternation of the better and the baser instincts which so signally marked the prominent passages of the earthly life of that disciple, whom Christ more than once rebuked for his worldliness, and Paul withstood to the face for his double-faced and (if one may be allowed the anachronism) jesuitical dealing. It seems to me that Peter himself, if in the other world he has known what was doing in this, cannot fail to have regarded with some displeasure the kind of eminence which the church calling itself by his name has given him here, throwing the cloak of his sanction over weaknesses and wiles which, it is to be hoped, he, in that world of clearer vision, has long since outgrown.

Then, again, may we not pronounce it natural enough that, of the two eminent apostles, the Church of Rome, in accordance with its policy of subordinating the Acts of the Apostles to the legends of the saints, and laying the beams of its chambers on the dim weltering waters of tradition, should incline to *that* one as its patron whose claim, having the scantiest possible support in history, would necessarily involve the greatest indulgence in the multiplication of those pious fictions which it is often easier to conjure up than it is to argue down ?

At all events, whatever may be the explanation, there stands the remarkable fact, that of the two apostles, the one, the scholarly and the spiritual, *the* apostle of the nations, whose last glorious years on earth are identified in the broad daylight of history with the foundation of the church in Rome, has been assigned the second place in its calendar ;

while he, the apostle of the circumcision, the timid and the time-serving one, whose very presence in Rome at any time has only a doubtful tradition to make it credible, has been raised to the first rank, by an immeasurable interval, as *the* vicar of Christ. Is it, then, the old controversy, brought down through the ages, between Paul, the Protestant, the *Human* Catholic, the Liberal, the Progressive, and Peter, the Judaizer, the conservative, the exclusive, the man of worldly policy, — between the leader of the way into the heavenly kingdom, and the keeper of the keys at the gate?

"Farewell," says my French author of "The Three Romes," "farewell Paul, who openest hearts, and thou, Peter, who openest heaven! Farewell Paul, who showest the road, and thou, Peter, who hast the keys of the eternal Jerusalem! Farewell thou, the immovable foundation, and thou, architect of the temple where God finds an altar worthy of himself!"

The Romish tradition having given Peter the priority over Paul in ecclesiastical authority, avails itself, it seems to me, of the association of his name with Paul's in order to let the clear, historic, sunset glow of his brother apostle's earthly life light up the obscurity under which his own was veiled. They show the dungeon in the Mamertine Prison, under the Capitol, where *Paul and Peter* were confined, and whence they were led forth to martyrdom. They have placed a grating over the concavity in the rock wall which the head of Peter, cruelly beaten against it by the jailor, miraculously left there. The tradition describes how the two apostles were led forth, away across the city, through the gate of Ostia, to the place of Paul's martyrdom, who, being a Roman citizen, was entitled to be slain with the sword outside the gate. On the front of a church there is an inscription stating that here they parted: "And Paul said to Peter, Peace be with thee, foundation of the church and shepherd of all the lambs of Christ; and Peter to Paul, Go in peace, preacher of the good, and guide of the salvation of the just." Then the story goes on to relate that Peter was led back again through the city to the Jews' quarter, because that was the

fitting place for a Jew to suffer ; and that there, on the spot where now the Church of St. Peter rises over the remains of Paul and Peter, he met his fate.

So runs the tradition. But how plainly this joining together of the two apostles betrays its legendary origin, as an afterthought of Roman policy, when we read in Paul's own last letter, written on the eve of his being *offered*, "*only Luke is with me.*" Where was Peter, then ? Had he again forsaken his colors and fled ?

Historically, then, we affirm, Paul is the hero of the Apostolic Church in Rome. In the dim light of a touching legend, it is true, we do see Peter fleeing *from* Rome in the dark of night ; but it is in the sunlight of the historic page, written by the hand of that same Luke who was with him in his last trial, that we trace the brave Paul as he comes along the Appian Way, the real king of his captors and pretended masters, because a faithful servant of the King of kings. What a glittering scene spreads before him, as he descends the Alban Mountains and enters the suburbs, amidst the splendor of art and the luxuriance of nature, the mansions of the living and of the dead, and looks upon the city of Nero ! How different the spectacle of the city, as well as of the surrounding country, from what now meets the traveler's eye ! It was then a city of the earth, and not as now, by virtue of its cupolas and campaniles, and all its airy domes and towers, and its perpetual bell-music, also a city of the skies. The dome of the Pantheon was the only one that broke the level of the sea of roofs, — not yet had a dome as large as the whole Pantheon been suspended in the heavens to cry, "*Ecco Roma !*" over the entire landscape from the mountains to the Mediterranean ; to catch afar the eager eye of the pilgrim, "*bound to the city of the soul ;*" and to perpetuate the name of One with whom the apostolic pilgrim and prisoner who now gazed upon it had had so peculiar a personal, official, and spiritual relation. Hardly could Paul then have had a visionary glimpse of St. Peter's Church in the sky of the future.

The historian brings him into Rome, and there leaves him

with us at the close of the two years where he dwells in his own hired house, only chained to a soldier with that chain which they profess still to exhibit in a house of the Via Lata, leading from the Corso not far from the Capitol, and on which some pious hand has inscribed his own expression, "But the word of God is not bound."

But, although the history leaves him, his own letters, running through the last five years of his life, present, in bright though broken glimpses, a strong image of the aged martyr, faithful to the last. There we find that he has won converts in the very palace of Nero, for he writes, "The saints in Cæsar's household salute thee;" and tradition adds that among his converts, and a correspondent of his, was no less a person than the preceptor of Nero, the philosopher Seneca, whose letters to Paul, with the replies of the apostle, are contained in the Apocryphal New Testament, where Seneca seems plainly to hint that his own imperial pupil is the real miscreant who fired the city and then had the Christians so frightfully punished for it; and he intimates that this man of sin is biding the Lord's time. The correspondence presents no internal or external claim to credit; but the fact of an acquaintance between Paul and Seneca, who was a brother of that proconsul of Achaia, the well-known Gallio, who drove the Jewish accusers of the apostle from his judgment-seat, is not improbable, even if it should appear unlikely that Gallio, who "cared for none of these things," would take the trouble to write to his kinsman about them.

It must be owned that, if the multiplication of legends in honor of a saint is a test of the comparative rank assigned him in the calendar of the popular heart, it might almost seem as if, by the multitude and marvelousness of the miracles ascribed to the relics of Paul, the Church of Rome would make some amends for the historic injustice done his memory in *robbing Paul* (if we may reverse the proverb in this case), to *pay Peter* the homage of supreme allegiance, as the chief founder of her pre-eminence and the great representative of the Author and Finisher of our faith. Paul did not *need*, as Peter did, any array of legendary wonders to supply

the deficiency of a scanty historic evidence of Roman residence and actual living service in the Roman city and church; and yet with his memory tradition has associated some of the most amazing prodigies to be found recorded anywhere out of Pagan literature.

St. Paul's Church, indeed, is without the walls ("Let us go to him without the walls," that devoted apostle, no doubt, would have said, "bearing his reproach"): it stands in a now unhealthy desert on the road to Ostia, not far from the supposed place of his martyrdom, of which the gray pyramid of Caius Cestius is the sole surviving witness; and, fittingly enough, the Protestant burying-ground is there, too, in the neighborhood of the great father of the Protestants and the champion of spiritual liberty. In that church, a very old one, nearly destroyed, however, by fire some fifty years ago, but restored, with surpassing splendor in the interior, by the last two popes, is the greatest number of marble columns of the richest variety of colors any edifice in the world can show, — the altars and fonts of green malachite and porphyry and other precious stones are of amazing beauty, the pavement is like a sea of glass, and all around the whole interior, over the entablature of the columns, are set the now all but completed mosaic portraits of the three hundred and sixty-five popes (more or less) from Saint Peter to Pius Ninth. Farther up the road toward the city is the church of the Three Fountains, which professes to mark the spot where the head of the blessed martyr, as it fell, thrice bounded from the ground, and at every bound a fountain leaped from the earth.

But the wonders on which the Romish chroniclers dwell with the highest ecstasy are connected with the *chains* of St. Paul, as well as of St. Peter, the latter of whom, indeed, has a church named "in vincoli," in honor of those chains of his which it has in its keeping. But let me quote from my French guide through the "Three Romes" a description of the sensations of a Roman Catholic when, at the church of "San Paolo fuori le mura," a priest places in his hands the chain (that very chain which once bound him to his Roman guard) of St. Paul. "To see with one's eyes, to touch with

one's hands, to carry to one's lips, to bathe in burning tears and kisses, that chain more precious than the collars of kings, that chain of which Paul was so proud, and which he bore, a voluntary slave, that he might break the chains of the human race—what a moment! what a sensation! The apostolic chain is composed of oblong links, badly forged, indicative of ancient workmanship; it is not very heavy, perhaps because St. Paul was a Roman citizen." But an account the author goes on to give a few pages after may well illustrate a difference in the merits of legendary literature, of which I shall presently say a word.

On a certain 29th of March he applies for permission to see the chains of St. Peter. "The difficulty is extreme," replied the abbé; "the chains of St. Peter are exposed to the veneration of the faithful only on the 1st of August. Can you wait till then?" he said, smiling. "We leave to-morrow."—"What's to be done? Three keys fasten the shrine in which the chains are kept; one is in the hands of the Holy Father, another with the Cardinal Protector, the third is entrusted to the Abbé of 'San Pietro in Vincoli.' To open the shrine, it is necessary to have all the three."

All this time the cat was only playing with her mouse, we may say, in a very free application of the proverb. The abbé, in other words, was only putting his enthusiastic petitioner to a pleasant torture. For it presently appeared that there was a dispensation for four hours on that very day. Accordingly our friends joined a party at the church, and saw the two chains of St. Peter, of which the author proceeds to give the following history: The double chain which confined the apostle at Jerusalem, in the prison where he was thrown by Herod, had been preserved, the story ran, by the piety of the faithful till the middle of the fifth century in that city, at which time the one part was sent to Constantinople, and the other to Rome. The reigning pontiff, wishing to compare the piece he received with the one by which St. Peter was bound in the Mamertine Prison by order of Nero, and which had been preserved in like manner, "in the presence of all the people," says our Frenchman, "he brought them together.

By a miracle which is forever perpetuated the two chains indissolubly united in such a manner that to-day they form but a single one! In memory of the prodigy, and in honor of St. Peter, the pope, in concert with the empress, built the Church of St. Peter in Chains. . . . From time immemorial the popes have been in the habit of sending filings of this chain and of that of St. Paul to emperors and kings who have deserved well of religion. These filings are enclosed in a little key of gold, which the piety of Christian princes suspends to their necks, as a talisman against danger and an admonition to duty."

It must be admitted that, so far back as the latter part of the fourth century, we find the celebrated Chrysostom breaking forth in such strains as these: "Why is it not given to me to see the places where are preserved the chains of the apostles? How I long to see those chains which hell dreads and heaven reveres! If the duties of my ministry and the feebleness of my body did not detain me, with what joy would I undertake the pilgrimage to Rome only to see those chains and the prison of Peter and Paul!" And, speaking of Paul's chain, he says, "If any one should offer me all heaven, or that chain, I should choose the latter."

For my own part, I find it infinitely easier to believe that so affecting a relic, and so undoubted a historic object, as the chain of St. Paul, which for two years he wore in his own hired house at Rome, even while he broke the bread of life and freedom to the oppressed and the needy, and which he held up, as he said to his Jewish visitors, "For the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain," — to me it is unspeakably more credible that that sign of true glory should have been kept by the reverent affection of the faithful to this hour, than that so astounding a miracle should have been wrought, not by and for the heart's natural affection, but for the gratification of pride and wonder, and the glorification of a pope's name in connection with an apostle's, as is implied in that alleged recognition and *swearing of eternal and indissoluble union* between those two chains of St. Peter, one of them purporting to be *from a prison which there is no evi-*

dence that he ever inhabited. It is not the miracle in the case, as miracle, that makes me incredulous, but the fact that I see no worthy occasion for such a miracle. I see no sincere beauty in it, but only a worldly contrivance for riveting anew the chain fastened by priestly assumption on popular superstition.

Meanwhile, I am free and glad to say that I am not one of those who would refuse credence to all traditions from the ages of faith that cannot be historically and demonstratively authenticated. I make a distinction with regard to legends. Certainly I am unwilling and unable to pronounce all Roman Catholic stories of the saints, because they are Romish, a pack of lying legends. The *legenda*, indeed, are not always the *credenda*; the things which are *readable* are not always the things which are *credible*. But because things have no other evidence than a tradition which runs back and is lost in darkness, it does not follow that we may not naturally and wisely believe them. The Italians have a proverb, — “Si non é vero, é ben trovato” (If not true, it is well invented), which I would render freely, “If not true, it deserves to be.” In my opinion a great many things which are imagined of men are nearer the truth in regard to their real nature than many other things which are picked out from their doings by an idle, mean, or malicious spirit, and paraded as veracious and veritable history. There is a *spirit* of truth as well as a letter of truth. There are presentiments which charity rejoices to cherish, and a truth of the heart that may gleam with heavenly brightness through a veil of possible fiction.

My own principle in the matter is this: If a legend innocently, that is to say, in a manner that contradicts no truth and harms no conscience, tends to illustrate the well-understood and historically accredited character of a holy man, it is safe and wholesome to accept and believe, if we are not compelled by plain evidence to reject it. If it inculcates or implies narrow or degrading conceptions of good and godly men, if it presents the Almighty or his servants as jugglers and miracle-mongers, performing for the credit of

a worldly and power-seeking despotism, we shall accept no evidence for it, because faith ceases to have any spiritual value for us and within us so soon as the whole realm of faith is so corrupted and compounded with the powers of darkness and delusion. Many are the legends even of the Romish and monastic books which I receive with a certain grateful reverence as appealing to the childlike in man, which is pronounced akin to the reigning spirit of heaven; but multitudes of them I reject as puerile, and of the earth, earthy, of the world, worldly.

In regard to the respect proper to be paid to traditions, a similar discrimination, I think, will be made by a reasonable man to that which such a one will also make in regard to certain forms and ceremonies of the different religions of men. The principle illustrates itself by the anecdote which I heard of a German democrat, who went, I think, with a party of friends to a reception given by the present pope, and went, apparently, for the impolite, not to say improper, purpose of showing his contempt for the papal fooleries in the most marked and emphatic manner. When all the rest had knelt down to receive his holiness's benediction, the German, whose motto seems to have been, "So long as I'm a Protestant, I'm bounden to protest," still stood bolt upright, with his mountain-peak of a hat upon his head, in a most defiant manner; whereupon the pope rose and said, "My son, an old man's blessing can do you no harm," — a speech which, as the saying is, *brought down the house*, and, I think, brought our obstinate friend to the point at least of uncovering, and doing honor to an old man, if not to an old church.

That combination of the truly childlike and the truly manly elements — of tenderness and truthfulness — which mark the man of true wisdom, and was so eminent in the man Christ Jesus, is one of the rarest achievements in this world of extremes. It is precisely what we most need for a right judgment or a right treatment of creeds and ceremonies that differ from those which we by thought and training have come to regard as conformable to reason and religion.

HAPPINESS OF THE FORSAKEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF J. KERNER.

'Tis well to stand surrounded
By trusted friends, thine own ;
Still better to go onward
In the wide world alone.

Man, art thou quite forsaken ?
Mourn not a moment then ;
Thus thou, self-comprehending,
Canst turn to God again.

So shall this sad world's seeming
Cheat eye and ear no more ;
An inner world, Love's kingdom,
Opens to thee its door.

Thou, in its deeps abiding,
Shalt live before God's face ;
While others, earth-bewildered,
Heed not thy hiding-place.

Ay, let them only leave thee
In thy seclusion dumb,
Forsaken, quite forsaken,
Until thy time be come !

Alone, in depths unfathomed,
The metal grows full well ;
Itself the crystal fashions,
Where cold and darkness dwell.

R.

"The sun, like a noble heart, shows his greatest countenance in his lowest estate." — *Sidney*.

ABOUT JESUS.

BY REV. C. S. LOCKE.

IN his last discourse to his disciples Jesus tells them that he had yet many things to say unto them, which they could not then bear; but assured them that the Spirit of truth would come, and guide them into all truth.

We propose to take these words, in connection with what we know otherwise of the character of Jesus, and see what qualities they involve.

Possibly a first glance at them would indicate a characteristic which some would condemn as not meritorious, or, if his bold denunciation of the Pharisees and his surrender of himself to the cross were overlooked, would stigmatize as time-serving. They show that he exercised discretion in the utterance of his teachings, that he adapted his instruction to the capacity of his disciples, that when he spoke to them he had regard to the ideas and prejudices which they entertained. Most ardent in his desire to impart truth, he was still most patient in waiting until the proper moment came for uttering it. He would not uproot the tares too hastily, lest he might also eradicate the wheat with them. Many errors he would not seek to correct, because they might be safely left to be done away with by the advance of knowledge; because too he was unwilling to be diverted by trivial disputes from the great object of his mission, or to awaken unnecessary hostility by combating ideas which, if let alone, would die a natural death. This discretion is a trait in his character which often manifests itself. Sometimes he forbade those whom he healed to proclaim the miracle, being desirous to confirm the faith of the person on whom the cure was wrought, but not to excite the populace, who were ready to take him by force and make him king. So he does not announce himself as the Messiah, but utters his instructions and performs his works, and leaves these to make an impression on the mind of his audience. He leaves the facts for them to consider until an

irresistible conviction that he is the Christ springs up in their hearts. He waited until all Palestine was thoroughly aroused, and then, when Jerusalem was crowded with people, and the question, "Art thou a king?" was asked him by Pilate, with the certainty of crucifixion staring him in the face, he said, "I am a king," and went to the cross bearing witness to his sincerity. No one can say that Jesus lacked courage. Before the Roman procurator and the chief priests and the howling mob, he is perfectly cool and collected. No one can accuse him of want of fervor. He labored night and day for the promotion of his object, and gave up all things to secure it. But because he was courageous and ardent, he was not therefore rash. He knew how to temper his zeal with judgment. He knew when to speak and when to keep silent, and thus every opportunity found him equal to its use. His attitude was not antagonistic, nor his tone denunciatory. It was not his object simply to utter a protest, but to win men to his position, and he uses the language of indignation only against those who willfully rejected the truth. This moderation and discretion rank among the highest moral qualities. They show that their possessor is acquainted with human nature, and is not too sanguine in his expectations from it. They show that he has considered the project which he urges on all sides, and is aware that there must be objections to be refuted and prejudices to be overcome, and indifference to be vanquished and enthusiasm to be aroused, before men will second his designs. Often, too, those who pursue a moderate course, deeming it the most judicious, and the best adapted for accomplishing their object, are denounced as timid and time-serving, by those who have zeal, indeed, but who have it without knowledge. A good object may be ruined by the haste, rashness, and folly of its supporters. The worthier the purpose, the more wisely it should be carried forward, since we know that in time it will commend itself to the minds of men. Our Saviour, therefore, did not give to his disciples those instructions which, by reason of their Jewish education and prejudices, might have shocked them; but he cast a few great positive truths into their minds, he animated them with an

earnest desire for a more perfect knowledge, and with a determination to be strictly loyal to their convictions, and then felt he could leave the process to be carried on in a natural manner. It is pleasant to have some fact imparted to us by another person, to have some secret of nature or some moral or social law declared to us ; but it is still more pleasant to discover them for ourselves. The Italian and Spanish lad may be gratified to learn that far westward over the Atlantic lie Hispaniola and the other beautiful islands of the West Indian group ; but what are his emotions compared with those of Columbus and his companions when, after a long and perilous voyage, the welcome cry of "Land ho !" came from the masthead of the Pinta. Jesus would not anticipate by his declarations the truths which his disciples would arrive at as the result of their own search. He knew that what they gained by their own thinking and experience would be even more fresh and vital to them, and would be proclaimed by them with greater earnestness, than what he himself taught them. For these two reasons, therefore, we may believe that he withheld certain things from his disciples : first, because they were as yet too much influenced by their early education and by the opinions then prevalent, to understand or accept them ; second, because he knew they would take a deeper interest in the ideas that came to them in their own meditations, and that they would labor more diligently for their diffusion.

Another circumstance which deserves notice is Christ's manner of dealing with imperfect opinions and social evils. There were many false doctrines at that time current. Men believed that insane persons were possessed by demons. They believed in a local place of torment in another world. Their ideas of natural science were incorrect. They considered the world as but four thousand years old, and regarded it as a stationary plane around which the solid orb of the sky daily revolved. They thought that the devil and his angels had access to the souls of men, suggesting evil desires and tempting them to sin. They regarded sacrifices of lambs and oxen as a fit mode of worship. The Jews attached a pecu-

liar sacredness to Jerusalem and the temple, and thought that religious services there were more acceptable to God than in other places. They regarded themselves as special favorites of the Deity, and supposed that other nations must be destroyed before them or subject themselves to the laws of Moses. They held too high an opinion of the authority of the Old Testament, misinterpreted its meaning, and had a mode of quoting it and reasoning from it which could not fail to lead to error. Grievous social wrongs also existed. The government was tyrannical. Slavery was universal. The priesthood and the rulers were corrupt. Idolatry, luxury, sensuality, cruelty, atheism, abounded everywhere. Yet we do not often find Jesus attacking these special evils. He went deeper, to the spirit whence these wrong manifestations issued. Hypocrisy, unfaithfulness to known truth, and selfishness, were the evils that he directly assailed. He saw that if these were subdued the other evils would disappear also, just as when you cut the trunk of a tree, the branches fall with it. If he could implant a few grand principles, if he could awaken certain affections and put in motion certain tendencies, he knew that they would overpower sinful propensities, and do away with social wrongs. Give men the idea of an Almighty Creator, and polytheism disappears. Show that he is an invisible, ever-present spirit, and idolatry vanishes. Make it understood that he loves holiness, and it will soon be seen that the best sacrifices we can offer him are integrity, purity, and beneficence. Establish the idea of the divine fatherhood, and you deprive the future of its terrors, and render it easy to look upon death as an entrance into a higher degree of life. Set the value of man's spiritual nature in its true light, and human equality is the first inference to be derived from it. Nobody who loves his neighbor will tyrannize over him, or make him his slave, or do him injustice. When John the Baptist preached repentance, certain persons came asking what they should do. He enjoined upon them some change in their practices, told those who had clothing and food to impart it to those who had none, bade the tax-gatherers to exact no more than was appointed, and the soldiers to abstain from

violence and false accusation, and to be content with their wages. They might have complied with his directions, and yet remained the same in character as before. But the reform which Jesus urged was more radical and thorough. It touched the motives and desires. Feel right toward God and man, and then your conduct will regulate itself. Make the fountain pure, and the stream that flows from it will be pure also. Thus, in training his disciples, Jesus did not attack their wrong notions directly, but implanted ideas which would at length eradicate them. When he said that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath, he overturned the whole ritual part of Judaism. When he related the parable of the good Samaritan, he presented a principle which, properly carried out, would banish the prejudices of race, party, and section, and inaugurate the era of peace and good will on earth. As a wise parent will not always correct in a child actions which in a few months it will outgrow, so Jesus tolerated opinions and practices in his disciples, and institutions in the age, which he knew that the force of his influence would in time overcome. Never actuated by self-interest, never fearful of confronting danger, never underhanded in his method, nor dealing with subtrefuges and evasions, he was still careful not to arouse unnecessary hostility. He sought not so much to vanquish his enemies as to win them to be his friends.

Jesus told his disciples that he had many things to say to them which they were unable to receive on account of their unprepared minds and character. This declaration is important, as showing that he did not consider the revelation through him to be final. It is often represented that Jesus, or that he with his apostles, gave a complete expression to all religious truth, and that all we can do is to interpret their words and accept what they have brought us. Nothing would have been further from our Saviour's mind than this. It was not so much his object to give us a set of opinions or of new ideas in respect to God and a future world as to put our souls in a condition for discovering truth for ourselves. It was not his office to come from heaven bringing tidings to mankind,

and, returning thither, close the door against all subsequent revelations ; but he came to elevate our souls so that we may constantly hold communion with God, and, as our own characters become purer and better, we may be filled with a deeper sense of his majesty, holiness, and love. It has been one of the most injurious errors prevalent in the church that the Bible was given, and that Jesus came, to teach us what to believe. They give us valuable religious truths, to be sure ; but that is only a secondary benefit. They perform the most useful service to us when they form our character, determine our motives, cultivate right affections, awaken a consciousness of imperfection and a longing for excellence. The great doctrine of Christianity, the fatherhood of God, was given, not so much as a proposition for the intellect to assent to, as because no other declaration is so fitted to touch the heart, and to arouse within it reverence, gratitude, truthfulness, and a spirit of obedience. With the light of the words of my text before us, we cannot believe that Jesus could have regarded with much complacency those who have sought systems of theology in the Scriptures, picking up a proof-text here and there, interpreting it without regard to the circumstances of its utterance, and often giving it a meaning derived from their own prejudices. To such he would rather have employed the words which he addressed to those who sought him in the sepulchre, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" He would have bade them seek the truth themselves from God, by the use of their own reason and conscience, assuring them that whoever asked earnestly and persistently for guidance should receive the inspiration for whose more abundant outflow he prepared the way by fitting the hearts of men for its reception. We may feel, then, that theology is a progressive science ; that, as all other branches of knowledge have gone forward, so from age to age we may discern new ideas in respect to the purposes of God, and the destiny of man. We are permitted, nay, we are under obligation, to use our rational powers, confident that the Spirit of truth, visiting our hearts as it visited that of Jesus, will lead those who are teachable and earnest to ideas and con-

ceptions which previous generations have but dimly discerned.

What those things were which Jesus did not say to his disciples, it would be presumptuous to pronounce with any degree of confidence. We may, however, suppose that they were those which the apostles afterwards discerned, and those which have since come to light in the most thoughtful portions of the Christian church. Could he have spoken to them freely, he might have told them that the Gentile was as much a child of God as the Jew, and that it was character, and not race, which was the guarantee of divine favor. He might have said that festivals and holy days and sacrificial rites were nothing except as they promoted the culture of a religious spirit. He might have pointed out their erroneous ideas in regard to demoniacal possession, the personality of Satan, the nature of rewards and punishments in a future state of existence. These and many other similar things may have been in his mind, which he prevented from issuing from his lips. But, although he leaves them undeclared, he shows the way in which they shall be brought to light. The spirit of truth, he says, will guide you into all truth; and in these words are expressed the conditions under which both they and we may attain to all those ideas which are necessary either to our instruction or our comfort. We must have the spirit of truth, that is, a truth-seeking spirit.

We must not, in the first place, be indifferent. Even the most obvious phenomena of nature hide themselves from the careless observer. What we take no interest in, we neither examine carefully, nor treasure up in the memory, nor make a subject of reflection. Those, such as Newton and Kepler, who have brought to light great scientific truths were men who were most earnest in their inquiries. They were ever looking about them for the solution of the problems that exercised their minds. So the inventor, determined to succeed, tries all sorts of experiments, uses now one substance and now another, combines and re-arranges, until at last such a wonderful piece of mechanism as a carpet-loom or a locomotive is produced. These men are successful because they are

unwearied, because they are not indifferent to the end they profess to seek, but press forward to it with earnest determination until they win the well-earned reward. They make the best use of their own faculties, and take advantage of previous researches, and are ever on the alert for something which will give the required light. Exercise the same diligence, or quarter of it, in obtaining religious truth ; use your reason and your observation as freely ; be as little tied down to the tradition of the past as chemists are to the methods of alchemy, or astronomers are to the ideas of Ptolemy, or as geologists are to the cosmogony of Genesis ; be as interested in knowing spiritual truths and the laws of the soul's growth as men usually are in their ordinary pursuits, — and you cannot fail to have convictions firm for your trust and safe for your guidance. You may not be able at once to decide between the claims of conflicting arguments, you may not at once be free from doubts. It was long before Newton hit on the law of gravitation, and before Franklin identified electricity and lightning. They succeeded because they were interested and in earnest, and so will others upon the same conditions.

Again, the truth-seeker, if he would be successful, must free his mind from prejudice. In examining the doctrines of other denominations, men often start with a determination to condemn. They have taken, perhaps without a moment's investigation, a set of articles for their belief, and they are prepared to reject whatever is not coincident with them. Prove that they are wrong in one point, and they pass to another. Demonstrate that all their opinions are incorrect, and they make up in loudness of assertion what they lack in cogency of reasoning. Show them that their doctrines are irrational, and they will assure you that you cannot perceive their verity because they are spiritually discerned. If we would obtain truth, either in religion or in any other matter, we must seek it in a far different spirit. We must have that candor and docility which will make us ready to receive information from all quarters. We must not assume that the entire truth is monopolized by a single sect, but must look

for more or less of it throughout the whole Christian church.

Again, in seeking moral and religious truth, we must guard against the bias of self-interest. It is very easy to persuade ourselves that it is our duty to do what is for our private advantage. It is easy to find excuses for leaving undone, or for putting upon other shoulders, the work which would cause us uneasiness and self-sacrifice. The conscience is very often quieted with a very slight excuse when some sinful indulgence lures the soul. If we are seeking only present expediency, how we may save ourselves the most trouble, and how we may promote personal profit and pleasure, our moral and religious ideas will be likely to be in great confusion. We may so impose upon ourselves as hardly to discriminate between truth and falsehood, virtue and vice, right and wrong, — at least we may lose that sensitiveness of conscience and that spotless integrity which are among the brightest ornaments of the soul. The practical lesson of my text is to give yourself to the search of the truth, and truth will come to your insight, as new planets appear to the astronomer, who with patient diligence moves his telescope along the zodiac. Be interested in truth; be faithful to it; welcome every means of information; fear not those doubts which are to the soul what hunger is to the body; inquire with a mind unbiassed by party, sect, or self. And whatever truth is garnered in our minds, whatever sincere and profound conviction we may arrive at, let it not be idle within us, but be employed, with Jesus' discretion and Jesus' zeal, for the welfare of mankind.

"A GOOD CONSCIENCE. — A good conscience is better than two witnesses. It will dispel thy fears, as the sun dissolves the ice; it is a staff when thou art weary, a spring when thou art thirsty, a screen when the sun burns thee, a pillow in death."

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

AMONG my earliest experiences I recall that of offering myself as a candidate at a singing-school opened for gratuitous instruction in church music. There were gathered and seated round a room, where darkness was made visible by a few hand-lamps, many adults and young people and children of our town, from its centre and its remote districts. Soon appeared a stout gentleman, whose ruddy face and pleasant smile and ready jest put us all quickly at our ease. When the hum of the whisperers had subsided, our "singing-master" announced that he should proceed to "sound" each one in turn throughout the company. What a fearful moment! One and another gave forth their all-decisive "Fa, sol, la," in the style of those days, and joy or sorrow sat on the varied countenances, as their destinies were told them. "You have a good voice and ear, and may join our school."—"You are deficient in voice;" and "you have not an ear for music." And now comes my turn: "You have a good ear, and may sometime make a singer; but your voice is not yet matured, and you must wait a while for that before you can learn to sing." I left the room greatly disappointed, but resolved to bide my time, and in due season to offer myself again as a candidate. I waited, year by year, determined it should be long enough to make acceptance sure. At length, a new singing-school is announced; and I present myself, confident of success. But alas, cruel fate! the teacher tries my voice, and pronounces it too fixed and inflexible. "If you had come two or three years sooner, you might have learned to sing, for you have a grand ear for music; but it is too late now." And so, between Scylla and Charybdis, my ship was wrecked; and I have been compelled to live on, only a listener to the strains of this noble art. And now, in the vale of years, I content myself with the assurance that, having so much music in my soul, I shall ere long be permitted, if all

else is well with me, to join the choir above in the blessed song of Moses and the Lamb.

As the years passed on, my father was busy with thoughts and plans for the education of his children. Feeling his own deficiencies keenly, he early, with generous purpose, resolved that his three sons should enjoy the benefits of the most liberal instruction. This was the every-day conversation in the family, and hence my young ears became weary of it. But my father's plan in regard to my youngest brother was frustrated; for, as I have before said, he was early taken to the school of the Great Teacher on high. My eldest brother, when at the age of seven, had a severe sickness, which so impaired his constitution as to disqualify him for the life of a student. All hope was thus centred upon me; and it was foredoomed and inevitable that I should "go to college." The pressure upon me was so strong, that, with some perversity in my disposition, — which I may here, once for all, confess as a besetting sin, — I said within myself, "No, I will not go to college." And whenever the subject came up, notwithstanding my love of books and study, I more than hinted my aversion to what had been so unchangeably marked out for me. At length my father thought the time had come when my preparation could no longer be delayed. He took me aside one day, and said to me, "I am very sorry you show such a spirit in regard to going to college, and I can indulge you in it no longer. You must now either put on a blue frock and go to work on the farm, and follow it for life, or begin to study closely and go to college."

Shut up in this narrow pass, and with an utter aversion to manual labor, which my father well knew, I decided to set about a preparation for college. And, every day of my life since, I have thanked my father, and thanked a good Providence that led me to take the right path at that critical moment. But that parent would have been spared years of anxiety and pain, and my own disposition would have been improved through life, I think, if he had taken a different course with me from the beginning. True, in my case, so far as the effect on my occupation was concerned, it proved

the best possible thing that my father compelled me to go to college. But, in nine cases out of ten, I believe the effect would be bad. Boys in these days are sometimes forced by their parents to enter college when they are positively injured by it. They acquire a distaste for a studious life from being obliged to pass through it.

It may be argued that boys are too young to judge for themselves in this matter, and their parents must decide for them as to what they shall do. But we often do them injustice in regard to their capacity to choose an occupation for themselves. If they show no preference as yet for one pursuit or another, it may be better to wait until they do. The loss of a year, or even a few years, is a small matter compared with the irreparable evil of constraining one to follow for life a path he does not like, and is not fitted to walk in. Say little, is my advice, to a boy about what he *must* do or be in the great future. Give him a good preliminary education, and, in a vast majority of cases, when left largely to himself, he will show a bias toward some particular pursuit, and eventually will succeed in it; while, if you compel him to go to college, he may bring discredit upon himself and upon you, while there, and be so far put back in his prospects for life. A thorough education is a noble thing, let one's occupation be what it may. But then only will it be thorough, and useful to the end, when it is begun, continued and completed with that hearty love of knowledge and enthusiasm for intellectual growth which ordinarily attend only a life of voluntary study.

There comes before me now a picture of the happiness I enjoyed through the love of a sister quite near my own age. Her sunny face, her beaming eye and pleasant voice were the outcropping of a heart rich in all tender sympathies and endearing affections. The joy of the home circle, she could not but make friends wherever she was known. In our studies, our reading, and our recreations, we were inseparable. Her disinterested spirit sheds a lustre over all my early memories. I recollect only one subject of contention between us: we were both very fond of little children; and, a baby within

reach, there was a sharp struggle as to who should have the privilege of holding it. It was perhaps from being inspired by her gentle and winning spirit, up from her cradle, that I acquired my strong love of children, that precious pleasure, as keen through manhood, and even now in my old age, as it was in the days of the boy. That my heart is still as young as ever, I owe largely to the influence of which I speak. A world without children would be to me a cheerless scene. At home or abroad, the best of adult kindred and friends can never quite compensate for their absence. A childless house seems to me under a partial shadow: there is no music like the voice of a little child; the patter of its young feet is a daily carol. I can pardon stern old Dr. Johnson almost everything but his repelling, as he did, these artless spirits. I give thanks that scarcely a child do I meet in the streets but has a smile for me. I never need letters of introduction to them; and I can bear any slight better than coldness from that quarter. Night upon night, in the thick dream-fancies that crowd over my pillow, some of which distress me, let one of these sweet visitors appear, as they so often do, and I am happy. Among my anticipations of the blessed companionship of the upper sphere, none are more pleasant than those conveyed in the bright promise of the Master, the child's best friend, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Among the relics of my boyhood I find a little book, whose leaves are covered with a record of texts, with the names of the preachers, kept for nearly four years. Its neat and careful penmanship puts me to shame, as I contrast it with that careless, illegible hand to which I long since degenerated. We had no settled minister for most of this period; and, to comfort those who lament the many vacant churches of the present day, and that new faces are so often seen in the desk, I may say, that the first year we had twenty-four different preachers, the second, eighteen, and the third, twenty-two. Not that the people could never agree on a minister; for they called some three or four during that period. But the long interregnum gave candidates the impression that they were hard to please; and so the calls were successively de-

clined. The one finally settled was objected to by many as an invalid. But, although long since removed to another sphere of labor, he still lives, with the frosts of an honorable, if not a vigorous old age, upon his head.

Some of the customs in church at that day were in striking contrast with those now prevalent. When the preacher named his text, if the pastor sat by his side, he would rise and stand until the sermon was begun. At the close of the services the congregation sat quietly in their pews until the minister had passed down the broad aisle; and, however young he was, the elders bowed to him as he moved on. But now, the benediction is hardly pronounced before there is a grand rush for the door; and the preacher must either wait for the exit of the people, or run the risk of sundry indentations in his sides and limbs from rude boys on his way.

It was the universal practice to send notes to the pulpit on the death of kindred of all degrees. So burdensome did this at times become, that I remember the story of a brave and eccentric preacher who once, when in a strange pulpit, taking up a pile of these notes, said to the congregation, "Here are all sorts of notes by all sorts of persons; let us pray." An act like this seems to us indecorous in the extreme; yet I presume it did not disturb the gravity of the listeners, or try the feelings of the parties concerned, more than another incident in which I knew a participant, who was the unintentional cause of some mirth. In those days thanks were given in public on the birth of a child, and prayers were asked for aid in parental duty. To this was added the custom, in some churches, of giving thanks for other uncommon blessings. A maiden lady once sent a note returning thanks, in the usual form, for a recent favor of Providence. The preacher, a stranger, and not knowing the practice of the church before him, supposed the note must refer to a birth after the death of the father. He accordingly prayed, I was told, that the mother might be grateful for her little one, and train it up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. It needed but a few mortifying occasions like this

to abolish a custom whose evils must often have made it more "honored in the breach than in the observance."

Another singular practice I recollect: all intentions of marriage were made public by the town clerk reading them aloud in church for three successive Sundays. He did this, rising in his seat, as soon as the benediction had been pronounced. Our town clerk, in my boyhood, was a portly man, gifted with the voice of a Stentor. At length the time came when he himself was about to enter into the bonds of matrimony. What was to be done about his publishment? The law must not be broken; his own lips must announce his tender purpose. With a valiant spirit he rose, and made the house vocal with his own name and that of his beloved. When I saw his plighted companion in her accustomed seat on through the whole three Sundays, it took but a boy to see that they must be hero and heroine. To meet, as they did, the nods and smiles on all sides, required a strong sense of duty. They were both true Christians, and, I believe, proved themselves in wedded life and parental fidelity and amid varied trials, —

"Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross."

Among my early experiences there come back vivid pictures of varied ills of the body no less than of the mind. And sickness was no trivial matter in those days; and the call of the doctor for myself was a terror. I remember well the passing of a sad day, the 4th of July, which was celebrated in our town with a grand display of banners and music, oration and dinner, on the sight of which my heart had been set for weeks. But, luckless wight! I must needs indulge the day previous in an excess of unripe fruit. When, the next morning, the glorious Independence came, it found me in fearful suffering. All my pleasure cut short, and, as if the clapping and shouting, which I could hear from excited politicians at the dinner-table, and the boom of artillery amid my pains and privations, were not enough, the dreaded doctor must appear, and give me potions, the memory of which creates nausea at this hour. The quantities of

medicine then forced upon helpless children were fearful. How we trembled, on the coming of spring days, at our annual protracted doses of sulphur and molasses! Did we not shrink at the sight of those large spoons, filled with darkly-colored and disgusting castor oil? Visions come back of antimony and emetics, with no escape for a poor, defenseless boy; and jalap and calomel, — what a heap for the hapless victim! And, if the amount proved insufficient, then "Repeat it," was the order. As the Scotch Highlander, when asked what they did in his neighborhood, in case of sudden illness, replied, "We give them whiskey." — "But supposing they don't mend?" — "Then we give them more." So it was with us; the mildest dispensation was sage tea, administered by the quart. To go through a fever, as I once did at that period, was like a Gettysburg battle. It was enough to ruin a child's moral nature; once indeed, when I could endure the odious drug-heaps no longer, I watched my opportunity and threw one of them into the fire. A cruel thing it was to subject mortals, for a trifle, to the lance, and compel even a little boy to see the red fluid flow from his arm, until a large bowl could be filled with it. So reduced was I by my fever, aggravated by merciless medicines, that for long weeks my knees smote together as I attempted to walk. And that dear little brother, of whom I have spoken, was made a martyr to harsh setons in the side, when on the brink of the grave. I ought not to blame the physicians of those days, perhaps, for they often sinned through ignorance. And yet, when I saw the end of my little brother's sufferings, and gave thanks that he had gone to that world "where the weary are at rest," I could not help adding, and "where the wicked cease from troubling."

The more I revert to my own early days, the stronger is my conviction that they err who call childhood the happiest period of life. The pains of the body and the sufferings of the mind, at that age, both lack the moral counterpoise of our subsequent years. We suffer then without that development of reason which enables us to bear our ills with philosophy, if not with faith, in manhood. And our spiritual nature is

then too little unfolded to lead us to our Father, with the calm assurance that —

“E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove.”

When, therefore, I look upon a little child, happy though he seem to the full, I think of the glorious capacities for a boundless love stretching up to the blessed and eternal One, and flowing actively out on the fields of humanity, and give thanks that these germs are not to be left thus unopened forever. I long to see him advance in years, rich in youthful virtue, and moving on to manly perfection; assured that he will then find there is no joy like that of a heart resting tranquilly on the Father, no joy such as his who is giving his mature energies to home, to society, to his country and his race.

THE BLIND MAN'S THANKSGIVING.

THANK God for MEMORY! This is the green dell:
I hear the stream with musical ripples flowing;
The scent of flowers recalls my childhood well;
I feel the sun of new-born summer glowing;
And, in my spirit's view, I see the stream
And the bright fish that through the water gleam.

Thank God for MUSIC! for the pleasant voices
Of boughs and winds and waters as they meet;
For every bird that in the wood rejoices,
For every note in nature's concert sweet:
To me the lark's clear caroling on high
Reveals the whole wide, blue, bright summer sky.

Thank God for HOPE! that, after life's short night,
Cheered by fair dreams and memories, I shall rise
To fields with never-fading verdure bright,
Unfailing fountains, pure, unclouded skies,
And see the world which will not pass away
In the full sunshine of perpetual day!

MEDITATIONS FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF DECEMBER.

IF any deny or doubt that this is the precise day on which our Lord was born, let them do so. Enough for us to feel the sacred associations which, in the lapse of centuries, have attached themselves to this day and season. Enough that Christmas reminds us—sweetly and sacredly reminds us—of the birthday of the Saviour, and helps bring back to us, as a present reality, the still, solemn night which hung over Judæa's mountains, when the silence became voiceful, not to some solitary, contemplative philosopher; when the stars spake and sang, not to some curious astrologer; when the music of the spheres became audible, not to some Pythagorean sage; when the angelic anthem announcing the birth of the Messiah—of the great King and Prophet for whom the world had been so long waiting—so sweetly and yet awfully startled the ears of a group of simple shepherds alternately watching their flocks and the stars, perchance, from their rude shelter at the foot of the hills. *Any* night which has power to recall to us vividly, or to transport us back into that memorable, that immortal night, is to *us* the birth-night of the Redeemer. "To us," also, then, "is born a Saviour, and the "glad tidings of great joy" fall as a new event upon the ear of our renewed spirits. We walk and watch, we sit and muse, with those honored Jewish shepherds. We share their almost heart-bursting emotions as the heavens open upon their gaze, and the hosts of heaven pour those strains of congratulation and of adoration into their astonished ears. We share in their flutter of feeling and we join them in their haste, as, leaving for once their flocks without a shepherd, they made their way into Bethlehem, whose silent streets and sleep-hushed dwellings on this first Christmas eve dreamed not as yet what a precious, what a momentous gift they had received from heaven for the world. We vividly, and yet how inadequately, feel what the thrilled hearts of those congregated

multitudes must have felt, when, even sooner than the morning, the news awoke them that this day was born to them here in the city of David, and in the manger of a stable, "a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." We busily conjecture what emotions and questionings must have agitated town and country during those eight days which intervened before the presentation in the temple, — up to which time, however, it would seem that the news had not made any stir in the metropolis, — and, finally, we seem to catch, as if it were a thing of yesterday, the mixed sensation and murmur which filled the streets of the royal palace of Jerusalem, when, as it would appear, *after* the interesting scene in the temple, after the parents had taken back their infant, consecrated by the prayers and prophecies of inspired age, to Bethlehem, the character of the new-born child was confirmed by the arrival of the Magi, whose inquiries put the court into a shape which made both monarch and people tremble — why, we shall presently consider. We see the agitation of the guilty and apprehensive king; we see the affected or real concern of the Sanhedrim; the faces of the scribes and Pharisees distracted between worldly hopes, guilty consciences, and apprehensions of royal fury. We enter into the mingling emotions of joy and of fear which divide the public mind. Guided by the sign in the firmament, we accompany the wise men to Bethlehem, where the child Jesus has been transferred into a "house." We witness the unenlightened adoration with which they offer their oriental homage and their earthly treasures to the new-born king. We follow with our eyes the flight into Egypt, the massacre of the innocents, and the return of the Holy Family into the Holy Land to their own city Nazareth; and there ends the sensation created by the birth of Jesus, and apparently all public sensation respecting him, with the exception of a partial awakening of interest and wonder at the temple in his twelfth year, until he appears in his thirtieth year on the banks of the Jordan.

We have just faintly retouched the picture, which the return of this occasion, with the few, but expressive words of the inspired historians, awakens, with more or less vividness,

in every mind. It is pleasant and profitable to recur to it, as well for the exceeding beauty of the evangelic narrative itself (which we have thus amplified, not as if its very conciseness were not its highest charm, but for the very purpose of leading you to appreciate how much it does simply and sublimely imply), as for the transcendent and eternal significance of the event which constitutes its subject. And ever hallowed be the season, — and may it be more truly and appropriately honored till it shall come to shed a new sanctity and beauty on all times and seasons, — which comes to us again and again to renew, by the influence of a thousand tender and sacred associations, the touching picture which has been from childhood engraven on our memories of the birth of the holy child!

PARATUS ET FIDELIS.

"The sun now stoops and hastes his beams to hide
Under the dark and melancholy earth.
All but preludes thy end."

Henry Vaughan.

THE creeping shadows darker grow.
The bird flits near her nest.
The village rests. The generous sun,
Fast sinking in the west,

Flings gladly back his lavish gold
To gild the brassy vanes,
And lighteth festal lamps that burn
In all the window-panes,

To welcome his successor in,
The tearful, black-stoled Night,
And smiling o'er earth's shoulder looks
That bears him out of sight.

The tender Twilight, sent from God,
With soft and sighing breath
Its daily message duly says, —
“Prepare for peaceful death.”

O Thou, that mad'st my frame of dust,
My spirit out of Thine,
Unto Thine every summons must
My ready ear incline.

Thou know'st if far, or just at hand,
Is even now the day
That goeth forth at Thy command
To bear my soul away.

Thou seest, through mists of years, that strain
And balk my human eye,
Where, when, this restless heart and brain
Two quiet clods shall lie.

The bed-time doth the father choose
That for the child is best;
Let but my work be done before;
And let my sleep be rest,

My wedding-garment trim and clean,
My fellow-servants fed,
My fruit an hundred-fold, and ten
My traded talents made,

And let me, with my oil's full cruise,
And shining lamp alight,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice,
Dart forth into the night,

As children to their couches spring,
To have the shades away,
And see the dawn that is to bring
The gifts of Christmas Day.

E. FOXTON.

JESUS CHRIST THE EVIDENCE OF GOD.

"SHOW us God and it sufficeth us," is a cry which has gone up from countless human souls ever since the first dawn of religion in man. To find an answer to it, they have questioned everything around them and within them. They have searched the heavens to discover the mysteries of its glorious host. They have ransacked the earth, and the seas, and all the elements. They have questioned living nature to know whence its life comes, what makes the plant grow, what gives life and motion to the animal, whence the sweet note and airy lightness of the bird, the meekness of the lamb, the "awful symmetry" of the tiger, the fearful fascination of the serpent, the irresistible strength of Leviathan and Behemoth. They have questioned their own natures, whence the faculty of thought, whence the love of what is fair and harmonious, whence the heart with its deep affections, the soul with its longings and aspirations, the conscience warning and approving, whence the conflict between opposing desires, whence the sense of sin, whence the disappointments, trials, and afflictions of our lives, whence the amazing march of human history. Since the dawn of thought, men have been searching everywhere for God, for the Original of this great whole, and they are still searching. Some, centering their thoughts upon elemental nature, have found God above all in her mysteries. Some still find him there. They make a God of force and matter, from whose eternal source all else proceeds. Some, centering their thought upon the mystery of organic existence, find God above all in the principle of life, — add to the elemental mysteries of force and matter the mystery of life. They make God a living soul, the Universal Being, from whose everlasting depths multitudinous forms of existence bubble forth, to gleam for a moment on the surface, and then sink back again. The facts of thought, affection, and will, they hold to be derived phenomena, accidents, illusions, a passing dream. And others, centering their thoughts on

man, add to the mysteries of nature and of life the mysteries of human nature, of thought, of love, of will.

The materialist, as some French writer says, sees God as reflected in elemental nature, the pantheist as reflected in the organic and animate creation, the theist as reflected in man. The materialist, from the phenomena of elemental nature, infers the existence of an eternal being in whom, as the Original, these elements inhere. The pantheist, from the phenomena of life, infers that this universal and eternal being is a living soul, manifesting itself in endless and unceasing, yet evanescent, forms of existence. The theist, from the phenomena of human nature, infers the existence of an Original of that human nature, an Original no less great, at least, than man.

If this be just, then the view of the theist is the largest, to say the least, and includes the others. The theist, too, "looks through nature up to nature's God," alike through the immensity, and power, and fixity, and order of elemental nature, and through the wonders of organic life to their Creator. But the theist does not stop here. He looks through man up to man's God. Let stocks and stones worship force and matter, — man, once conscious of the dignity of his nature, can never worship what is less than man.

It is through man that we catch the brightest and clearest glimpses of God, unless, indeed, we may say of some rare natures that their pure hearts see God; but very few of us, alas! are gifted with that direct vision. For most of us, we must say that it is from the contemplation of man's nature that we rise to our highest conception of God. From the contemplation and the consciousness of reason in man, we affirm that God, however much greater he may be, cannot be less than a thinking being; from the contemplation and the consciousness of love in man, we affirm that God, however much his nature may transcend ours, cannot be less than loving; from the contemplation and the consciousness of will in man, we affirm that God, however much his will may transcend ours, cannot be less than a spontaneous agent, a person.

And as man is the great evidence to us of the personality of God, it follows that the greater the man, the greater his wisdom, love, and goodness, the better proof is he of God's wisdom, love, and goodness ; and hence we see that if Jesus be the Christ, if he transcend all before and after him in the greatness of his thought, his love, his goodness, in that which is divinest in our nature, then it is through Jesus, more than in other way, that we see God. If he be not the most exalted man of all the world, who is? The voice of mankind, the voice of our own hearts, proclaims him first among men, the religious leader of mankind, his thought greatest and truest, his heart largest and warmest, his will purest and strongest ; and hence it is that he is the best evidence we have of the existence and fatherhood of God. Since Jesus lived that life of his among men, it has been hard to be an atheist. When once we have seen Jesus, when through the records that have come down to us we have caught a glimpse of the outline of his nature, or when we have seen his image reflected in the long line of his faithful disciples, who through faith in him have grown into some likeness to him, — when once we have seen Jesus, even thus darkly, at this dim distance, and through these many obscurities, when once we have caught sight of his great person, we cannot wholly disbelieve in God.

Against the black background of misery and sin, in face of the awful facts which have driven so many generous spirits to despair, which have forced the unwilling hearts of men to believe in the existence of an evil spirit equal to or second only in power to God himself, in the face of all the dark and terrible mysteries of human life and history, rises the pure glory of Jesus Christ ; and while the evil and the sin around us and within us remain mysteries, while we may not be able to fathom the abyss of darkness, nor understand why there should be this evil in the world, yet we acknowledge the mystery of such a life as that of Jesus to be the greater mystery, to overcome the other.

If this be true, as we believe, if man be the highest evidence we have of God, a wise man of God's wisdom, a good

man of his goodness, if Jesus be foremost of mankind in truth and goodness, if his thought and life, his person, transcend all others, if, by seeing him, more than in any other way we see the Father, then it follows that the great need of all of us is to see Jesus, to know him as he is, to gain an intimate acquaintance with his thought and life, to become in very truth his disciples and friends. Such is, indeed, a great need of this time, and of all times. How, then, may we see Jesus?

"Jesus is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not."

His earthly life lies back in the dim past. It may be that that life is shadowy and unreal to us. How may we see Jesus? There are the old familiar means; and, first of all, the Gospels. When all the critical questions now agitating the public mind about the Gospels are laid open, whether the reputed authors were really the authors, how far the text we have is perfect, or how far it has suffered from the hands of copyists or of interpolators, whether the accounts of miracles report facts exactly, or are mixed with popular imagination and exaggeration, with whatever other questions are now debated; when all the points of criticism and all the unsettled questions have been opened, there yet remains the unquestioned fact that the Gospels contain the oldest and most authentic history of Christ's life that remains to us, that, though they are imperfect records by imperfect men, they are yet the best records we have, with which we must needs content ourselves, for which rather we should be thankful. When all is said that can be said, the Gospels remain our great authorities for the facts of Christ's life. They are the central books of the world's literature, in that they reflect, or transmit, the highest life that this world has ever seen or known. They transmit to us the person of Jesus, not indeed through a transparent medium, through a glass darkened, it is true, by the imperfections of the writers, and yet all these writers have their eyes fixed upon the same august object. They give us each his conception, differing as each one's nature differed from

the others, yet all inspired by the same object, the same person. The four evangelists, whoever and whatever they were, are the best witnesses whom it is possible now to summon to testify of Christ's life. It remains for us to do our part, and to examine them. Knowledge of the Gospels, like other knowledge, must be got by seeking it. If we would see Jesus, we must look for him, and seek for him; and in proportion to the singleness of our minds and the earnestness of our search will be the treasure of truth that we shall find. There is a mystic sentence in the Gospel of Matthew, "No man," or, more literally and properly, "no one, knoweth the Son save the Father;" and probably in all the world there is not a person living whose nature is great enough fully to comprehend the personality of Jesus Christ. We can hardly hope, any of us, to attain to a full conception of his thought, or to a full sympathy with his life, for our natures are not large enough for that; yet we may, according to the reach of our ability, see Jesus. We may come to know him, and become acquainted with him as a teacher and a friend. If we will take up his New Testament, and read the four Gospels, line by line, and word by word, if we will take up each sentence by itself, and plant it in our minds, and think upon it, and compare it with the rest of the Gospels, and with our other knowledge and experience, if we will examine each part with the fearless humility of those whose single aim is truth, if we will with all our understanding, and all our insight, and all our heart, seek for Jesus, we shall find him. We shall find in the Gospels much that will perplex us, much that has always perplexed mankind, much that is obscure, much that must remain obscure; and yet, for all that, by a diligent and thoughtful study of the Gospels, continued through our lives, we may gain a conception of Jesus which, whatever it may lack in comparison with its object, will yet be to us of the greatest help, which will enlarge our minds and hearts, and strengthen our souls, which, it may be, will give us as a friend, as a personal helper, the greatest person with whom God has blessed the world.

Another great means of gaining a knowledge of Jesus is through his disciples and followers, through the history of Christ writ large in Christendom, through a knowledge of the lives of those who have learned of him, who have taken his thought and spirit into themselves, and through faith in him have grown like him. In the book of Acts, it is said of Peter and John that when the Jewish rulers saw their boldness, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, "they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus;" and so, ever since the time of Christ, there have been men and women whom we call Christian with a peculiar significance, who seem to be penetrated with the spirit of their Master, whose hearts have covenanted with Christ himself. These Christians help us to a knowledge of Christ. Thus, in the rest of the New Testament after the Gospels, we see the fruits of Christ's spirit working in his early disciples. Take Paul, for instance, the ardent Pharisee, whose keen sight discerned in the rising church a dangerous rival to the established religion of the chosen people, whose eager zeal, forgetful of justice, drove him to persecute the Christians, who looked on approving at the murder of Stephen, who thought he was doing God service by rooting out, even by the sword, this new heresy. See the zealous Pharisee, the persecutor of the innocent; and then see the same man after he has felt the truth of Christianity. See his fierce ardor tempered into a Christian love, whose warmth cheers us even now. Hear him tell of charity with a moving power which, even at this distance, can melt the hardest heart. What was it that wrought this change? It was the spirit of Jesus working in him. He learned something of Christ's thought. He comprehended something of his gospel. He caught something of his spirit. Christ's person was revealed to his conscience and his heart. He became a Christian; and such a Christian that, by knowing Paul, we may learn much of Jesus. And so of his other followers from the early disciples on. Look at the crusaders, — bloody, violent fighters, careless of their own and others' lives, full of rude notions and strange super-

stitutions, yet with all their savageness showing at times the noblest and finest Christian spirit. And so, all through the history of Christendom, with all the endless diversity of character, we find certain broad lines of piety toward God, and love toward man, of humility, and purity, and tenderness, and courage, and self-sacrifice, and personal perfection and holiness, and saintly devotedness to the truth, and steadfast faith, we find the great lines of the Gospels continued in the history of Christendom, in a bright tradition of holy lives, which help us to understand what the Gospels give us, and to perfect our conception of Jesus. And, thank God, that bright tradition is still unbroken. There are persons now amongst us of whom we know that they have been with Jesus, who are the most moving arguments we have for Christianity, whom having seen, we feel that, clearer than ever before, we have seen Jesus.

By these, and it may be other ways, we may see Jesus, we may come to know him who of all the race of man has risen nearest to God, who more than all the powers of nature, more than any person who has ever lived, reveals God to us, in seeing whom, clearer than in any other way, we see the Father.

F. T. W.

"The merciful man—he may not, indeed, be arrayed in sacred vestments, nor carry tinkling bells, nor wear a crown; but he is clothed in the robe of charity, more sacred than the priest's garments; he is anointed with oil composed of no earthly ingredients,—it is the unction of the spirit; he wears the crown of tender mercy (as it is said, 'Who hath crowned thee with loving kindness and tender mercies'); and, instead of bearing a frontlet inscribed with the name of God, he himself becomes like God. Ask ye how this shall be? 'So,' says our Saviour, 'ye shall be like your Father who is in heaven.'"

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

NEW CHURCH UNIVERSALISM.

SWEDENBORG *seems* to teach the eternity of the hells, and so his followers generally understand him. This, however, is a stumbling-block to some receivers of his doctrines, and they begin to modify or reject it. We find the following in "The New Church Independent," published at Laporte, Ind., ably conducted and in a liberal spirit. It is from a correspondent.

"THE 'ETERNITY OF EVIL' DISPOSED OF.—'And this is life eternal, that they may know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.'—John xvii. 3, and vi. 54. 'This *is* eternal life.'—a *state*, without reference to time. Eternal death is a *state*, the opposite of this,—the destitution or deprivation of this true knowledge. It is a state of eternal death, even though, in reference to time, it should endure but for one hour. The reason is, that to this state of life or good the Lord, by impartation, communicates his own eternity, and therefore it will endure so long as the Divine itself endures. But to this state of death or evil the eternity of the Lord is not imparted; but, upon the fulfillment of its use, it is given over to an everlasting damnation or utter destruction. This is the uniform testimony of the Divine Word. The teachings of Swedenborg are in agreement with the Word on this question. Allow the idea of time to be once admitted, and all true idea of eternity is lost. The idea of eternity based upon computations of time is but the delirium of the mere sensuous thought. (D. L. W. 76, 156.) 'Infinite and Eternal are two *attributes* which are alone predicated of Jehovah.' (A. C. 3701; A. E. 286.) 'What is Infinite, with respect to duration, is Eternal.' (A. C. 10,048.) 'The life which is not eternal is not life, but *in a little while* perishes. . . . Life and Being only reside in what is of the Lord.'

(A. C. 726.) Eternal life is exclusively an *attribute* of the Lord, and by impartation secured to the states of good with man. Eternal death is a term used to designate the opposite states of evil, which have imparted to them no principle of eternity, but are, under all their forms, given over to an everlasting damnation, destruction, or annihilation.

"Swedenborg everywhere teaches that the *sinner* is the inverted form of the natural degree. The essential man, as constituted of the celestial and spiritual degrees, with the '*remains*' of celestial and spiritual life stored up in the interiors of the natural degree, has ever been preserved uncontaminated with evil. (A. E. 543-569; C. L. 345; D. L. W. 263-270; A. C. 250, 268, 269, 304, 306.) The flame of a sword guarded the tree of lives, lest man, in his fallen state, should 'eat and live forever,' that is, make his evil state permanent. As applied to the duration of punishment, and all other attendants of the evil state, the terms 'eternity' and 'eternal' can have no other possible meaning than, *so long as the state endures*. The state having in itself no principle of eternity, the period of duration, with all resultants, must come to an end whenever their divinely ordained uses shall have been fulfilled.

"The destruction of the *sinner*, or the inverted forms of the natural degree, frees the *man* from his prison-house in the hells. The '*remains*' of spiritual and celestial life stored up in the interiors of the natural degree preserves its identity after the inverted forms are destroyed. Thus freed from his prison-house in the hells, the *man*, returned to his original infant state, has a new point of departure, and from thence advances, under the reconstructing powers of the spirit-life, to his destined primal unity with God. Thus, *in no instance* is 'the reward of His victories' withheld from the Divine Natural Humanity, which the Divine Word declares to be 'the salvation of the *whole* human race.' 'As in Adam *all* die, even so in Christ shall *all* be made alive.' When Swedenborg says that 'they who go to heaven remain there to eternity, and they who go to hell remain there to eternity,' he means *so long as the state endures*; or else he simply stulti-

fies himself by asserting the eternity of the *evil state*, which he everywhere else denies. The *state* of those who go to heaven being sustained by the impartation of the eternity of the Lord, they remain so long as the state endures. The evil state of those who go to hell not being thus sustained, they also remain there just *so long as the evil state endures*. The destructive action of the hells causes the evil state to perish, and the *sinner* being thus destroyed, the *man* is freed from his prison-house.

"In the hells there is no such thing possible as reformation and regeneration,—the change of an evil state to a good state. The law is in its inverse action, and the *sinner's* doom is damnation, destruction, annihilation, to the end that the *man* may be saved.

FRANCE AND PRUSSIA.

The first impulse of a Christian heart, in view of the horrors already felt and those yet impending over France, is to cry out for peace on any terms. Longer resistance seems to be wanton waste of life and wreck of human happiness. All her regular armies are destroyed or captured, and she has nothing to oppose to the disciplined hosts who have done this but a crowd of hasty levies, without discipline, and under the lead of second-rate officers. Some of the leaders of the public press, to whose judgment we generally defer in practical matters, speak of it as a settled thing that all farther resistance is useless, and to be condemned as foolish and wicked waste of life and wealth. But sad and dreary as the struggle seems, France stands now for two ideas which the world cannot well afford to have proved false. One is, that a nation really bent on maintaining its liberty and independence cannot be subjugated. The American colonists seemed as much inferior in strength to their invaders in the war of Independence as France now is to her enemies. Yet we applaud our forefathers for a struggle of seven years maintained against such seemingly desperate odds. If the French yield now, what an encouragement for ambition and lust of con-

quest in all coming time! A rich, enlightened, and brave nation of nearly forty millions of inhabitants crushed into abject submission in a single campaign! But if this frightful end is consummated, there is another inference more dangerous still. The French have lost, say, half a million of men. But there are still millions of able-bodied men, capable of bearing arms, of unquestioned courage, and supplied with munitions of war. Why can they not beat back the invaders? "Ah!" it is said, "they have lost their regular troops, their armies. They are only a mob of undisciplined men. What can they do?" If now it turns out so, and if it appears that millions of men, on their own ground, fighting for home and country, cannot succeed, because they have not been regularly trained to the art of war, and their assailants have been so trained, then what an irresistible argument for greater standing armies! The French began the war, and made the first move towards invasion of the opposed country. Very righteously and thoroughly they were beaten, humiliated, and driven back. Now the tables are turned, — Prussia is the invader. Under shallow pretexts she insists on continuing the war, and expects with her trained troops to utterly humble France.

It may be she will succeed; but all the hopes of future peace compel us to hope that the French nation will persevere, and, by the arts and resources of war that are available to a people fighting on their own ground and for their own homes, wear out, exhaust, humble, and drive back the armies that are insolently counting on discipline as more than a match for patriotism and love of home. That no nation can be subdued, if it is resolved to be free, and that men and motives, not discipline, are the final elements of power in war, are the two ideas that the French nation are now either to sustain or prove delusive. It may be that, if in their struggle they should persevere to even immensely greater extremities of suffering than they have yet felt, and finally succeed, at however great cost, the world will hereafter honor them for the firmness that now seems blind and bootless.

THE TWO FESTIVALS.

Thanksgiving has come and gone, and found its usual honor and observance. We might describe the appearance of the markets for the few days preceding the day, and of the eager purveyors for expectant households, as they peer over each other's shoulders at the stalls, shops, and benches of poultry dealers, and glide from place to place, and at last, heavily laden, turn homewards; but this would be using up the privilege of the regular sketch writers. It is more to our purpose to note the strong tendency to sink all other meaning of the day in this the least commendable feature of its traditional character.

How far is it to be supposed that our sober, pleasure-hating ancestors, who doubtless thought only or chiefly of an additional sermon or prayer of extra length when they first proclaimed a day of thanksgiving, were unconsciously moved by the instincts of human nature to renew the interrupted succession of harvest merry-makings? They meant consciously a solemn religious service; but unconsciously the hearts of the children of earth in them moved in sympathy with the doings of the great mother, and opened the way to a veritable harvest festival, which in due time it is likely Thanksgiving will grow to be through the length and breadth of our land.

In the earlier time, when humanity was more infantile, the harvest feasts were a sort of spontaneous outgushing of the animal and sympathetic emotions. We do it more coolly. We have to be advised and requested by our honored chief magistrates; and then, as good and obedient citizens, we feel justified in decorously keeping Thanksgiving, diligently doing, however, what his excellency omits to mention, and omitting to do for the most part what, in deference to venerable custom, he does advise.

Perhaps it would be a gain if the whole thing were less formal; but we are glad to have it, even as it is. Aside from the abundant feeding, in which probably the present generation is no more excessive than the past, there is a vast

amount of real, hearty, family enjoyment in Thanksgiving. Many who are parted all the rest of the year, bound by the exigencies of a busy life, flow together, not outwardly alone, but with a genuine revival of natural affection that cannot but be a glimpse of heavenly light to the darkened and too often dreary path of worldly toil.

We are not inclined to think there is no religion in our Thanksgiving because people mostly do not go to meeting. If Thanksgiving sermons had always been words of religion, not dead theology, not misty, chaffy politics, or over-exacting morality, but honest, sincere utterances of the joy that properly answers in man to the measureless goodness of God, perhaps it would have continued fashionable to go to meeting that day. But however that may be, if the day is used, not for a feast that appeals only to the animal in us, but to renew and quicken love, mutual affection, and gladness of heart, it is religious, since to give these their full sway in our lives is one of the highest aims of Christianity. It will be more religious, nevertheless, the more consciously all joys and blessings are received and cherished in a devout sense of the source from which they come, as they should be by us all in our most prospered land.

CHRISTMAS.

Even before Thanksgiving is fairly over, the streets of the city begin to put on the garb of the Christmas-time. There is an exuberance of pretty, ugly, useful and useless affairs, in dry goods, fancy goods, toys, books, stationery, jewelry, pictures, and other things too many to name, which is an evidence of human faith, at which one never ceases to wonder, as he tries in vain to conceive the multitude of lavish spenders that will be needful to meet the expectations of the sellers of Christmas goods. Christmas, like Thanksgiving, shows us, at first sight, its poorest side. There is something that appeals to an amiable part of our nature in the custom of making Christmas gifts; but turned into a sort of unreasonable rule, that every one in the household must give to every

other one a present, the practice becomes oppressive and heartless. It is a constant exercise of ingenuity to devise gifts that will not be utterly useless and superfluous. If there are presents one wants to make, this is a good time to make them ; and if there are things one wants to have, it is a good time to receive them with the honest love of the donors. But do not let the blessed Christmas spirit be driven out by, on the one side, an anxious worry as to what one can give, and, on the other, by a sordid worry as to what one shall get.

It is a common subject of congratulation that the observance of Christmas is every year becoming more common. Whether it is really a reason for being glad depends on the purpose and spirit of the observance. We cannot doubt that it would be a good thing if every Christian church in the land should observe Christmas by a suitable religious service. And there is no less reason to think it a good thing that it is made more and more a Christmas festival. But is it not quite possible that this should be done in such a way as to deprive the custom of its sacred meaning and noblest use ? There is no pre-eminent value, and no spiritual meaning, in an evergreen tree laden with miscellaneous toys and sweetmeats to be scattered among a crowd of eager children. If the Christmas meaning and sentiment is not carefully preserved and cherished, these favorite gatherings will prove very idle and useless things. The danger is of letting the main purpose drop out of sight, and giving the whole thought and effort of the Christmas observances to what ought to be only subordinate and auxiliary.

Still, with all such reservations, it is a good sign of the times that Christmas is yearly more regarded among nearly all classes. It is good if only because it is an acknowledgment of the historical verity of the gospel. But also it is a recognition of the essential fact of Christianity, that of Christ in his humanity, — his union with our race in its most helpless stage and in its tenderest tie. Whatever may be thought of the lighter adjuncts of our Christmas custom, they are better than the rude and sensuous revels of the old English

fashion, in view of which it is no wonder our fathers thought Christmas a device of the devil to be utterly abjured. There is enough yet to be done to redeem it to its sweetest influence and holiest use, in which direction we can act better as individuals, each seeking to feel and to express the sentiments of a living and loving faith in the blessed Lord, and allegiance to his gospel, than by any form of associated or formal action. We wish all our readers a blessed Christmas, and a right merry one too.

L.

"GLORY TO GOD AND PEACE AMONG MEN."

THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE MESSAGE.

The even-song which greeted the simple shepherds of Bethlehem was the morning-song of a world new-born. That angelic melody, floating down through the ages, fills the shortest days of the winter of the year with music. As the great Christian festival of joy and peace touches believing hearts with its heavenly message, for a little time the harmonies of heaven rise above the noises of earth, and its busy cares are silent, that diviner thoughts may have leave to enter and take possession of our hearts. We hush the tumult of our hurrying life, and turn aside from the broad noon-tide of our modern civilization, into the tranquil silence of the twilight ere the dawn, where shepherds watch, and the air is filled with the glory of the angelic company. Let the world sleep; "our heart waketh," to hear the good tidings of great joy, which make Christmas Day the central point of light in the Christian year, and the great event which it commemorates only more new and wonderful to each new generation of men. As in every religious experience there is a time prior to conscious reflection when the soul simply feels, to which one must go back for the foundation on which to build the spiritual character, so faith still returns to ponder and to wonder by the side of that birth which was before the eager disputes of the Christian world, or the Christian world itself, began to be, and in whose presence the jarring discords of

belief and practice are stilled, as the church kneels by the manger of Bethlehem.

Little recked the world what happened in the stable of a village inn, on that night which, to all outward seeming, was like every other whose stars had looked calmly, yet pityingly, down on the dark and suffering earth. Far away slept the great Augustus, ruler of a mighty empire, the master of the world. No whisper broke his dreams of power, to tell him that in an obscure province a Prince was born, before whose everlasting reign empires should fade away like shadows before the dawn. In that province all was indeed commotion, but not in expectation of the Lord of Life. Rather was a night of hopelessness added to the night of nature which wrapt about the world. The last gleam of independence had faded out of the Jewish horizon. As they came up "to be taxed," the multitude who filled quiet Bethlehem with unfamiliar sounds felt that they were bowing beneath the Roman yoke. The poverty of earth was enriched that night with untold wealth, but of a kind which Roman tax-gatherers were not taking count of; and, as they crowded Joseph and Mary, coming up unfriended and poor, into the cold hospitalities of the stable, "there was no room for them in the inn." The bustling competitions of worldly interests, the fever of humbled pride, left no room in the house or in their hearts for "the peaceful Prince of earth and heaven."

"O strange indifference! low and high
Drownsed over common thoughts and cares.
The earth was still, but knew not why;
The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!"

But though earth knew not what God was about to give it, heaven knew, and its infinite depths were stirred with a won-

derful joy. The hosts of the Lord's servants hung rapt over the holy place where lay One who should lead the earth from the darkness of sin into fellowship with those immortal spirits. And, though the crowded town might slumber, there were a few humble, docile hearts, whose unthinking watch on the chill hill-side was lighted up by the mighty tidings which might well cause the angels of God to break forth into praise. And now, when the yearly festival makes men glad, that song is echoed back from the earth. Ancient churches, thronged with kneeling worshipers, tremble through their pillared arches with the flood of triumphal harmony; homes bright with love, and gladdened by the interchange of loving gifts, are warmed by the presence of the Christ-child; lonely wanderers, far from kindred and friends, are touched by their recollections to a peculiar peace; and, though from the long lines of leaguering camps two great nations stand face to face with hostile front, the smoke of war cannot wholly obscure the peaceful light of the holy time. "The throbbing war-drum" cannot drown the angels' song. And in our own America we remember with the deeper gratitude the peace of the present, in contrast with the yet recent years. As at the birth-time of Jesus the gates of the temple of Janus were shut to show that the world was at peace, so we have shut the clanging doors of that intense life in which our thoughts and emotions were so long pent up. The kingdom which "shall have no end" is nearer than of old. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

"These two words, grace and peace," said Martin Luther, "comprehend in them whatsoever belongeth to Christianity." Jesus Christ came in answer to the need of the soul. That strange creature whom we call man, tossed and vexed by discontents and fears and discords, was not at one with himself, nor with his neighbor, nor with God. It was on a world full of errors and stained with evil deeds and evil thoughts, sleeping in the night of a darkened mind, yet not so sleeping as to be at peace, that the light broke over the hills of Bethlehem, — the light which came to dispel sin and ignorance like

shadows of the dark. Yet it is not in thanks for man's deliverance that the first joy of the angelic choir breaks forth, but in glory to God. Though the Saviour of the world is in the form of humanity and lies a helpless infant under the tender gaze of the blessed mother, — though earth's scenes close around him, and earth's children are his brethren, and earth's ways are to be trod by his holy feet, a light-bringing presence, — the angels' song lifts the mind above the low roof of the village stable, and above the starry cope which hangs over the home of man, to the thought of the infinite mercy of that Fatherly Love who hath given His Son "to reconcile the world unto himself."

Nor is the need yet past of that revelation of God's love to man. It is a thing so far beyond our natural power to conceive of, that, even in the church of Christ, men have continually fallen back from the faith in it to a semi-pagan disbelief. They have let the "glad tidings" die out of their hearts, and have listened to their own foolish fears. False ideas of His justice have constructed a system of propitiation in which the whole weight of human sin must be borne by the innocent Being who came to reconcile men to God by showing them how He loved them still. The church yet needs to have the Babe of Bethlehem born anew within it, — to learn from the holy affections which cluster around him to trust in the reality of the Father's love.

Silently comes the peace which he brings, — as at first he came in silence, ere the dawn had lightened the cold gray hills and wakened the world's noisy life. Only in the heart's depths a glory not of earth shines round about him, where the childlike spirit of love and trust which alone befits the Holy Child bids him welcome.

Would we know what is the full fruit of peace which he brings? We may see what it was in Christ himself. The holy calm which transfigured the manger was the forerunner of the deeper peace which filled the heart of the Lord of Life through his active ministry. It came from the sense of God's near presence, from entire consecration to Him, from a pres-

ent immortality. Where these were no discord could enter, and where they are in his followers, it is as when of old he bade the tossing billows, "Peace, be still!"

But though Christ has thus brought the peace of God to earth, can it be said that the rest of the angelic message is yet fulfilled, and that peace has come among men? Not only do the noises of the battle and "the garment rolled in blood" seem to forbid it, but it is only too evident that the hearts of men are still far from laying down their arms. We need a patient faith, which can look in trust for the great consummation that shall surely come, when the bitter strifes, the rooted hates, of men shall melt away before the Prince of Peace. He himself said, "I come not to bring peace, but a sword," — a sword that the truer peace may come; and, if we had but the purified vision, we should see that the wars and discords which yet separate man from his brother are preparing the way of the Lord, — a subsoil plow breaking up the field of the world for the harvest. Only Christ's peace is a true peace, nor can anything which does not partake of his spirit have his blessing. Yet the kingdom of peace and goodwill comes nearer to the earth, for more and more shall broaden over all the children of men the blessed light of his coming, and, as the hearts of all taste the joy of knowing God, and the peace of reconciled wills and affections, all shall be blended in one glad fellowship.

H. W. F.

"The Christian religion," says Novalis, in words which frequent quotation has rendered familiar to us, "is the root of all democracy, the highest fact in the Rights of Man."

A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

EDITORIAL FAREWELL.

WITH the present issue I retire from my share in the editorial charge of "The Religious Magazine and Monthly Review." For twelve years it has been a duty which has engaged much of my time and thoughts, and one which kindly relations with the co-editors and the proprietor have always made a very great pleasure. But there is other service which calls for all the time and strength which I have. The periodical, I believe, never had better prospects and facilities than now for doing the good work for which it was established, and for diffusing the influence of Christianity in its genial and liberal spirit, and its adaptation for cherishing a warm and cheerful piety.

To the readers of the magazine, the present majority of whom have been an invisible audience through so many years for whatever word I have had to say, I desire to express my very grateful acknowledgement and appreciation for the bond of sympathy which has subsisted between us.

These twelve years have witnessed considerable change in the affairs of the Unitarian denomination. While holding allegiance to the Head of the church to be primary and unchanging, I have endeavored at the same time to render the best service in my power to the liberal body to which it has been my privilege to belong. The freedom of thought and speech guaranteed by liberal Christianity, and which I regard as its distinguishing glory, I have used in the advocacy of truths which seemed most needed to be spoken, speaking them strongly and with burning convictions, but striving at the same time for the unity of spirit and the charity that suffereth long and is kind. Two dangers seemed to me to threaten the liberal body, viz.: to get fossilized under the dominion of a Unitarian creed, expressed or implied, while yet its theology is crude and half-grown; or, on the other hand, to slide from the foundation which is Jesus Christ and his word, as if we had learned out Christianity when we have but just begun to see its inexhaustible riches. To oppose all human creeds on the one hand, as a bar to progress, and affirm our allegiance to Christ on the other, as the divine foundation for the

glorious church of the future, into which all denominations must gather at last, has been the policy advocated by this magazine with steady consistency for the last twelve years. It is no small satisfaction in leaving it to believe that these are to be the permanent principles of the Unitarian body, that the danger of swerving from them, either to the right or to the left, is growing less, and that we are to be a church bounded only by Christianity, but bound by that in a loyalty which shall ever grow warmer, and hold us to the heart of Christ — and therefore to the hearts of each other — with a more tender and sufficing love.

EDMUND H. SEARS.

MR. BOWLES.

My dear Sir, — It is with extreme regret that I hear of Mr. Sears' intention to withdraw from the editorial chair of the RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE on the issue of the present number. To say that he has adorned the position by his broad and accurate scholarship, and that he has won for it confidence, honor and veneration from Christians of every name by the fruits of that rare spiritual experience with which he has enriched it, is but feeble praise. Yet, such as it is, I hope you will allow me, who have been for a few months his associate, to make a permanent record of it here. I lament for the Magazine, and still more for the church which the Unitarians of this country are trying to build, in the name of the God of love on the foundation of his Son Jesus Christ, creedless in form but abounding in faith, open on all sides to those who are willing to be disciples of the "Teacher sent from God," and members of the great fellowship of the Spirit in him pre-eminently manifest. I lament that he has felt obliged, for the sake of prosecuting other important labors more exclusively, to withdraw from this particular field. But it is some relief to be assured that he will still contribute, according as he finds himself able, to your columns, and do what in him lies in other ways to assist you in maintaining the present high character of the Magazine.

I became Mr. Sears' coadjutor, as you know, merely to take the place temporarily vacant by the illness and absence of Mr. Ellis, who had rendered such excellent service for so many years. The little I have been able to do has been done with good conscience toward God and good will toward man. I have written out of the profoundest convictions of my mind, — the growth of forty years' experience in the ministry, — in the interest — in what seemed to

me the *imperiled* interest — of that branch of the Christian church to which I belong ; and, also, in furtherance of that more cordial understanding amongst Christians of different theologic names the evidences of which are beginning to be so encouraging. I have had great pleasure in my brief work. I have enjoyed the commendation of those who have liked the recent course of the Magazine, and I have not been fretted by adverse criticism, which, for the most part, has been marked by a kindly spirit. I take leave of the brethren of the religious press of all denominations — with whom, though personally unknown to me, I have held most agreeable intercourse — with a high appreciation of their ability and fidelity, and a hearty God bless you ! To you, the venerable proprietor, I gladly proffer such aid in the future as, without editorial responsibility, my impaired health may admit of, and I venture, in your behalf as in my own, to bespeak for the Magazine the continued good offices of those learned and accomplished contributors who have responded so freely and so well to my calls.

Very truly yours,

JAMES W. THOMPSON.

Jamaica Plain, Nov. 26, 1870.

THE UNIVERSALIST CENTENNIAL.

John Murray, the fervid apostle of Universalism, landed in this country in 1770, and first preached in September of that year. Universalism dates its rise in America from that time. Hence the Universalist Centennial held at Gloucester, Mass, Sept. 20th, 21st, and 22nd, which was an occasion of joyous gathering from all quarters of the Union. The report of the proceedings has been given in a handsome volume, and is a memorial to be preserved of a great jubilee. The occasion suggested wonderful contrasts. Universalism, a century ago, was treated by all the sects of Christendom as synonymous with profanity and licentiousness, and as worse than infidelity. Within our own memory the odium had not abated. To-day the Universalists report themselves as a vigorous Christian denomination, which breathes life into some of the most important moral reforms, which clings to the Bible as its anchor of safety, which has its full share of social, moral, and religious culture, and which exerts a marked influence in modifying the theology of the times, and promoting the civilization of the age. Its progress within has kept even pace with its church extension. Its received

doctrine of retribution has become, as we think, more scriptural and philosophical as its exegesis has become more scholarly, and its union with the Head of the church more intimate and spiritual. Its progress and vitality illustrate the important truth that any church or people organized around Jesus Christ have the principle of unmeasured growth and the inheritance of the future ; and their example to Unitarians in this respect is most instructive. We rejoice in their prosperity, and pray that the coming century may be to them like the past in spiritual growth, and humanizing influence upon the world.

BIG WORDS FOR SMALL THOUGHTS.

Richard Grant White, in his work noticed on another page, says little thoughts let off in enormous phrases sound like fire-crackers in an empty barrel ; and he denounces "the vain parade" by quoting the following stanzas :—

How I detest the vain parade
Of big-mouthed words of large pretense !
And shall they thus my soul degrade,
O tongue so dear to common sense ?
Shouldst thou accept the pompous laws,
By which our blustering tyros prate,
Soon Shakespeare's songs and Bunyan's saws
Some tumid trickster must translate.

Our language, like our daily life,
Accords the homely and sublime,
And jars with phrases that are rife
With pedantry of every clime.
For eloquence it clangs like arms,
For love it touches tender chords ;
But he to whom the world's heart warms
Must speak in wholesome, home-bred words.

GOOD NEWS FOR SICK FOLKS.

Rejoice, O ye invalids, and clap your pale hands ! No more emetics, no more blistering, no more mercury, except in cases such as yours is not likely to be ! Dr. Wm. W. Wellington lately gave an address before the Medical Society full of good sense and valuable information, especially touching the progress of medical science.

He says emetics are nearly obsolete except for relieving the stomach of foreign matter ; that blistering is at least questionable ; develops fresh inflammation, and aggravates the original trouble rather than lessens it ; and that calomel, which we thought increased biliary action, does no such thing. A committee appointed by the British Medical Association found by conclusive experiments "that mercury did not increase or influence in any way the biliary secretion until the subjects began to suffer in health, and then *the secretion was diminished.*" O the blue pills that have been lavished upon us in vain !

Dr. Wellington then goes on to tell what new remedies are to succeed to the old drug system. Anæsthesia leads in the train, when five others follow, among which "the spray-producing atomizer" is conspicuous, and then follow food and drink for sick people such as their nature craves. He might have added mental remedies, reaching the body by ministrations to the soul that acts upon it. Hope, joy, laughter, sympathy, and in some cases anger, have been known as powerful remedies when others had failed. But these aside, the changes in medical treatment and the lengthening average of human life shown in Dr. Wellington's address are among the remarkable signs of progress.

BUNSEN.

Mr. Bayne, in "The Watchman and Reflector," speaks with regret of some of the views held by Baron Bunsen, but adds high praise of his personal character and general position.

"In thinking, indeed, of Baron Bunsen, charity itself hardly expresses the becoming mood of mind, — admiration, applause and gratitude are more fitting terms. Be his dogmatic aberrations what they may, he has left us the memory of a life well spent, a life that must long send its radiance down the ages to illuminate, to guide, to cheer. In an artificial time, in the thrice-artificial atmosphere of the courtly saloons of the metropolitan cities of Europe, with materialism, and Epicureanism, and worldliness, and cynicism 'turning the live air sick' around him, he maintained a purity and simplicity of feeling worthy of the great men of old, and made it his supreme ambition to cultivate to the utmost his spiritual manhood, and to perform high spiritual services for his race. Had he lived in a cottage, had he been the pastor of a secluded country district, such a life would have been memorable ; but when we think what minis-

ters of State, and courtiers, and the world they move in, are in these days, it impresses us as sublime.

"It is more than gratifying to reflect that, if Bunsen pained the hearts of certain of Christ's children on earth by what seemed an insufficient faith in the evidence of his resurrection, his thought on his death-bed was of Christ only, and his mind overflowed with enraptured love for his Lord and Master. 'Upward — upward,' he exclaimed, 'it becomes not darker, but always brighter. God is Life, Love ; Love that wills — Will that loves. *Christus recognoscitur Victor, Christus est Victor.* With Him to be is to conquer. . . . I see Christ, and I see God through Christ. I commend myself to the recollection of every good man, and I beg him to recollect me with kindness. I offer my blessing, the blessing of an old man, to all who desire it. . . . We only exist in so far as we exist in God, and have eternal life. We have lived in this eternal life in proportion as we have lived in God. All else is nothing. Christ is the Son of God, and we are His children only when the spirit of Love, which was in Christ, is in us.' So dies a hero, — a spiritual hero, — with his eye fixed on the eternal mansions, and worshipping his God."

CARLYLE AND THE WAR.

It is quite excusable in almost any one to feel considerable doubt as to which nation is chiefly to blame in the present war. Many plausible things can be said for both parties. And many very severe things have been said of both. On the whole, we think the sober sense of most people inclines them to think that Prussia was right at first, wrong now. But now that Carlyle has spoken decisively on the matter, and declared his full sympathy with the Prussians, and his condemnation of the French, there cannot be much doubt. This opinion of his creates a very strong presumption that the Prussians are a set of unscrupulous, greedy and merciless marauders, regardless of all law but that of force, and that the French are entitled to the sympathy of mankind. It is pleasant to have one's own impressions so fully confirmed, though we feel sorry to believe the Prussians are so bad as Carlyle's praise of them would seem to indicate.

L.

The least of God's works it is refreshing to look at. A dried leaf or a straw makes me feel myself in good company.—*H. Martyn.*

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

THE oaks had donned their crimson,
Blue was the sky above ;
The glory of the autumn
Spread through the rustling grove.

They bore me from my chamber
Into its holy air,
Full of a Sabbath stillness,
As Nature were at prayer.

That morn I had been reading
How, at the temple gate,
Was laid the hopeless cripple,
For daily alms to wait.

And now, at open portal,
Like him I seemed to lie, —
The trees its stately pillars,
Its roof the arching sky.

But no hand apostolic
My burden took away ;
It was but spirit-healing
Came unto me that day.

And still I'm waiting, hoping,
For one that shall be born,
Surpassing far in glory
That autumn Sabbath morn.

When to yet fairer temple,
With glad, rejoicing soul,
By Heaven's gate, "called Beautiful,"
I too may enter, whole.

R.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

LAY SERMONS, ADDRESSES, AND REVIEWS. By Thomas H. Huxley, LL. D., F. R. S. 12mo., pp. 378. New York, D. Appleton & Co.

THE ORIGIN OF CIVILIZATION AND THE PRIMITIVE CONDITION OF MAN. Mental and Social Condition of Savages. By Sir John Lubbock, M. P., F. R. S. Pp. 380. New York, D. Appleton & Co. 1870.

The publishers could not have done a more acceptable service to those who look to them for works from the highest departments of literature than in the reproducing of these volumes. They contain, from both their authors, matters of fact mainly, with very little of theorizing, upon some of the freshest and most interesting themes of modern science. They are both written in a style so simple, and with so little of the difficult terminology of special learning, as to be easily intelligible to any ordinarily well-informed reader.

The pieces contained in Dr. Huxley's volume, fifteen in number, include Essays on the "The Advisableness of improving Natural Knowledge;" "On a Liberal Education, and where to find it;" "On Scientific Education;" "On the Educational Value of the Natural History Sciences;" "On the Study of Zoölogy;" "On the Physical Basis of Life;" "On the Scientific Aspects of Positivism;" "On a Piece of Chalk;" "On Geological Reform;" "On the Origin of Species, and the Criticisms called forth by Darwin's Theory;" "On Descartes' Discourse on the Method of Reason in seeking Scientific Truth;" and "On Spontaneous Generation."

The author is recognized as the foremost man in England, both as an inquirer and an analytical criticiser in the new fields of natural science. He has been both querulously and savagely assailed. But he keeps his ground with admirable temper. He is a most vivacious writer, with a brilliant style and a fertility of apt illustration.

The "dignity of human nature" does not show to advantage in Sir John Lubbock's pages. A mighty amount of reading and investigation on the researches of ethnologists, the discoveries of archæologists, and the personal narratives of explorers and travelers

in the uncivilized regions of this globe is here brought to bear upon the discussion of the most difficult problems. Did man appear on the earth in an infantile, undeveloped, and barbarous condition, from which he has struggled up through methods similar to those which Darwin has assigned for plants and animals; or is barbarism a lapsed state from man's original condition of at least a mode of being and existence which can fairly be called *human*? Those who would have before them all the facts at present within our knowledge, and judge for themselves as to what are the reasonable inferences from those facts, will find what they need well set forth in this volume.

G. E. E.

ROBERT FALCONER. By George Macdonald, LL.D. Loring, Publisher, 319 Washington St., Boston.

The popularity which this book has won, and the almost unqualified praise of it with which its readers close it at the last page, are just tributes to its real merits, which are of a very high order. It has in the main a healthful tone for heart and mind. A hard theology, which the spirit of the age and the good sense of readers liberalized by the general literature of the class to which the book belongs will easily reduce and soften, gives strength and vividness to the narrative, and a sort of wholesome ruggedness to some of the characters. To those who are old enough to have been trained upon the novels of Scott, and upon the sweet and tender stories in the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," this book renews the charm of their youth, found in the dialect and colloquialisms of that land. The character portrayed in Robert Falconer, the life-story through which it is illustrated, and the profound lessons of thoughtful and practical wisdom with which it is pointed, make the volume equally engaging and instructive to a healthful mind.

G. E. E.

LEE & SHEPARD publish some of the choicest books for juvenile readers which are anywhere to be found, beautiful alike in spirit and form, in print and on paper which would be a luxury to eyes whether old or young, and in binding which our young readers will find a very handsome adornment to their library shelves. All this they can verify, by an examination of the two series of three volumes each, in uniform binding, — one called "The Proverb Series," which we noticed last month, — but which were not in season for our last issue. The notice may be found on another page. They

have been re-examined and re-read with fresh interest and pleasure, and their healthful moral tone should secure them a place in Sunday-school libraries. "The Proverb Series" is to be completed in six volumes.

Another series has been commenced adapted to readers somewhat more mature, called "The Beckoning Series." Two of these have been published, both of them illustrated. "Who will Win" is a tale full of pathos, illustrating the power and beauty of self-sacrifice. Rosa Carey, the heroine of the story, a girl sixteen years old, is a very lovely character. She bears the burdens of the family, oppressed by poverty, and desolated by the intemperance of the father, and wins the love of all around her. Her wild brother and intemperate father are reformed by her influence and the aid of kind friends. The story closes with the picture of the family, happy and prosperous. The other volume is by the same author, Paul Cobden, and is entitled "Going on a Mission." A young girl goes on a mission, not to distant lands, but to those about her whom she meets in her daily life, striving to make them happier and better.

The same firm publish *THE SOCIAL STAGE*, a collection of dramas and burlesques by George M. Baker. This collection is especially intended for amateur performers. Mr. Baker's efforts in this direction have been favorably received by the public. These plays sparkle with puns and wit, and are full of droll situations. We think that those ambitious of appearing on the amateur stage will find something in this collection to suit their taste. Families who wish to fill up the long winter evenings with innocent amusement, and schools in quest of dramas for exhibition-day, will find this the very book they want.

WHY AND HOW is another very interesting book from the teeming press of Lee & Shepard, by Russell H. Conwell, with illustrations. It is all about the Chinese,—why they emigrate and by what means, what kind of a people they are, how they are treated in this country, and what an atrocious system of robbery and plunder is their government at home. There are sketches of travel, amusing incidents and descriptions of social customs, and much information respecting a people with whom we are destined to have closer and closer relations. Read the book, and see how much they suffer for want of a comfortable foothold on the earth which the Lord made

for the abode of all mankind, and you will not vote to shut them out from the refuge of the American Republic. s.

THE TONE MASTERS commences another series of the same indefatigable publishers, Lee & Shepard. It is for the lovers of music and of the great singers. The first volume is by Charles Barnard, author of "Mozart and Mendelssohn," and is entitled "Händel and Haydn," and the lives of those great masters are told in a pleasant and gossipy way, so that children can follow their story.

The same firm publish PIANO AND MUSICAL MATTER, which has now passed to a fourth edition. It is designed to meet the wants both of beginners and advanced players, and the rapid sale of these editions is evidence of its success as a book for critical study and a compendium of information on musical matters. The fourth edition has additions and improvements. s.

THE HOUSE ON WHEELS, translated from the French of Madame de Stolz by Miss E. F. Adams, with twenty illustrations, is the story of a stolen child, whose beautiful spirit of faith, patience, and goodness triumphs at last and effects its release. The trials, the virtues, and the return of Adalbert are happily told and make up the drama of the story. It is a child's book, sure to interest young readers, and give them good lessons about faith, patience, and obedience. This, too, you will find at Lee & Shepard's. s.

LETTERS EVERYWHERE is a book for babies, or for very young children learning their letters. The twenty-six letters appear in so many pictures with odd or grotesque surroundings, and with rhymes and stories. It is a very nice book for the little folks. Lee & Shepard.

GEOFFREY THE LOLLARD, by Francis Eastwood, is published by Dodd & Mead, New York, and sold by Lee & Shepard. It is a very touching story, with a good share of history woven into its fabric. It is a story of the Lollards, the earliest dissenters from popery, the earliest sufferers in England in the cause of religious liberty, in times which have been rightly called the dawn of the Reformation. Geoffrey and Hubert were two boys imprisoned for

conscience' sake, and the tale of their sufferings is told in a style beautiful for its simplicity, and moves deeply the sympathies of the reader, while it shows the power of a fervent religious faith and the dark and malignant spirit of the papacy in those early times. The book is a capital one either for town or Sunday-school libraries. Lee & Shepard's copious supply for the demands of the holidays we hope will be duly appreciated by the patron saint of our little people. S.

For the grotesque and fantastic, and for odd touches of nature as they affect juvenile humanity, commend us to German books for children. One of the best specimens is *PUCK'S NIGHTLY PRANKS*, translated by Charles T. Brooks, a name which guarantees that nothing will be lost in the translation. The cuts are exquisitely droll and amusing, and the poetry matches them elegantly. If you wish to cultivate in your child a sense of the ludicrous, — and the children in sombre New England need this kind of culture, — buy for him this little book. There are nine cuts, all of which will tickle his fancy, and keep him in good humor. Roberts Brothers.

IO X I **IO**, by Rev. E. E. Hale, which was published as a serial in "Old and New," has been put into a book form, making a neat little volume of 148 pages. It is Mr. Hale's best story (always excepting "The Man without a Country"), and shows in his genial vein the enduring influence of a disinterested life; its immortality in grateful and loving hearts. It gains fresh interest as we learn that it is not pure romance, but a reality, which many readers are able to recognize. Roberts Brothers.

THE THEOLOGY OF CHRIST, from his own words, by J. P. Thompson, is a treatise which sets forth the leading orthodox doctrines mainly from the four Gospels. Their genuineness and historic integrity are assumed; though the evidence in favor of the Fourth Gospel, which has been most assailed and is most important for the author's purpose, is thrown into an appendix. The treatise itself is written in a style of uncommon strength and nerve. But the author so puts and argues the questions at issue as will convince none but those already orthodox, and confirm in dissent those who are not. For instance, he argues the deity of Christ, and the deity and personality of the Holy Spirit, so as to leave his readers, — if he car-

ries them with him,—in the baldest tritheism. That, we take it, is where no philosophic orthodox mind ever allows itself to rest. They expound the doctrine of the deity and humanity of Christ, in other words the “hypostatic union,” in strict conformity with monotheism; thus narrowing the difference between orthodoxy and Unitarianism, at least removing some needless difficulties. Dr. Thompson’s work does not tend in this direction, though his learning, Christian temper, and affluence of style are manifest in the work. Published by Charles Scribner & Co. s.

H. H. & T. W. CARTER publish two works illustrating and enforcing the doctrines of the New Church. “Discourses on the Rationality of the Christian Religion, and the Harmony of its Doctrines,” by Rev. Abel Silver, set forth the doctrines of Swedenborg in a popular style on the Trinity, the Word, the nature of man, the Lord’s first advent, the atonement, conversion and regeneration, the Lord’s second advent, the resurrection, the spiritual world, punishment, prayer, the church, the ordinances, and true discipleship. These are great topics; and Mr. Silver we regard one of the clearest and most candid writers of his denomination. He offers in the present volume an excellent opportunity for those who wish to become acquainted with the New Church theology in its more practical bearings. “Swedenborg and Modern Biblical Criticism,” by Rev. Edwin Gould, M.A., is an introduction of a popular nature to the historical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and the principle of interpretation unfolded in the writings of Swedenborg. The writer examines other theories, and compares them with Swedenborg’s. It is a neat volume of 254 pages.

GOOD HEALTH keeps on with its abundance of good things. The three leading articles of the October number, “Gymnastics,” “Confectionery,” “The Nervous System and Vision,” are of special practical interest. “More about Tea,” “Ozone,” “Dreams,” and “How to bring up Babies,” and “Woman’s Dress,” though we have not finished reading, we presume are not less so.

We are not converts to Sir William Hamilton’s philosophy, but every thinker should know what its principles are, and an excellent opportunity offers in the OUTLINES, by Rev. J. Clark Murray, a text-book for students, with an introduction by Rev. James McCosh, LL.D. The “Outlines” will give the reader a view of Hamilton’s

philosophical opinions, in systematic order, without his reading the "Lectures on Metaphysics," the ponderous volume of the Scotch philosopher, with its bristling terminologies. Gould & Lincoln. s.

THE CASTAWAYS, by Capt. Mayne Reid, published by Sheldon & Co., New York, for sale by Nichols & Hall, Boston. This is the story of a company who were shipwrecked on the Island of Borneo, and found their way by land to a British settlement. The volume reminds us of the earlier books of the author, over which the boys used to grow excited, as it has much of the freshness and interest of the earlier works. Some rather large stories are told, but we are assured that the pictures of the natural features of the island are not exaggerated. There are narrow escapes and adventures to amuse, and information in regard to animals, trees, and plants, to instruct the reader.

WORDS AND THEIR USES, by Richard Grant White, is a book of permanent value, not only for reading, but study, by all who write and speak the English language. It is philosophical and critical, but at the same time exceedingly pithy and readable. It was written with the laudable purpose of preserving the English language from corruption, a danger which threatens it more from attempts at fine writing or big speech by those who do not say what they think or who write when they do not think at all, than from the slang speech of the uneducated. The origin of words, the growth of language, and how words come to be misused and wrongly applied, are topics which are handled with keen criticism, made effective by a wide range of reading and study, and a love of the pure English and undefiled. It has excellent lessons in grammar and etymology, and a chapter of denunciation of English dictionaries. Webster's dictionary shares largely in the denunciation. "We might well believe," says Mr. White, "that our language spawns words as her-rings spawn eggs," if we consult Webster's supplement, containing twenty thousand words more than the body of the work.

Mr. White's present work appeared substantially in articles in the "Galaxy" in 1867, 1868, 1869. It is published by Sheldon & Co., New York. Sold by Nichols & Hall. s.

COUGHS AND COLDS, or the prevention, cause, and cure of various affections of the throat, with cases illustrating the remarkable

efficacy of out-door activity and horse-back exercise in permanently arresting the progress of diseases of the chest, is the title of a work by W. W. Hall, in which the most prevalent diseases of our New England climate are treated in a very popular style and a very practical way. The author has the largest faith in natural remedies, believes consumption has been cured and can be, is a mortal enemy to drugs, patent medicines, and almost all other medicines, except pure air, healthful exercise, and out-door living. The incipient stages and progress of disease and how to arrest it are pointed out and treated in plain English and without medical technicalities. Hurd and Houghton, New York. S.

DOUBLE PLAY, or, How Joe Hardy chose his Friends, by William Everett. Boston, Lee & Shepard. This is one of the best books for boys that we have seen for some time. The popular game of base ball occupies a great share of it, which will be a strong recommendation to many. The characters are natural, the interest of the story continues to the very end, and the tone of the book is excellent. We can give it a hearty recommendation. F.

BALLOON ASCENTS makes another very attractive volume of the illustrated Library of Wonders in course of publication by Charles Scribner & Co. It is from the French of F. Marion, with thirty illustrations. It is a history of the conquest of the skies from the year 1780; giving the scientific theory of balloons, and details of strange and perilous adventures into the upper fields of space, with the applications of ballooning in modern warfare in Italy and America. The book will make the sixteenth volume of the curious and attractive Library of Wonders. S.

FIELD AND FOREST, or, The Fortunes of a Farmer, by Oliver Optic, is another book for boys from the press of Lee & Shepard. Phil Farringford, the hero, introduces us to a trapper in Northern Missouri, and brings us into perilous acquaintance with Indians and Indian warfare. The scenes are drawn from life and history, and the manhood of young Phil is very admirable and inspiring. S.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, an illustrated magazine for the people, conducted by J. G. Holland, is a consolidation of "Putnam's Magazine," "Hours at Home," and "The Riverside Magazine for Young

People," and combines the good things of those publications in one. A serial, by George Macdonald, author of "Robert Falconer," is now in course of publication through its pages. The table of contents offers a rich feast to the mind, and its large, clear type is a feast to the eye.

We receive from FIELDS & OSGOOD, just as we are going to press, Whittier's new volume of "Miriam and other Poems." The thoughts set to music have an appropriate setting, in tinted paper, clear type, and elegant binding. *Miriam*, the longer poem, we have not read, and must report of at another time. The shorter poems have the grace and mellow sunshine of our favorite bard. The book will be much in demand for the holidays.

Also, from the same firm, "The English Governess at the Siamese Court," being recollections of six years in the royal palace at Bangkok, by Anna Harriet Leonowens, with illustrations from photographs presented to the author by the King of Siam. It is an exceedingly handsome volume of 321 pages, and about a curious people, and will fill up a gap in our knowledge. We just receive it as we go to press, and must defer our report of its contents.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

The young people have an abundant supply of reading matter in the following books issued by Messrs. Lee & Shepard, whose name is always a favorable recommendation of books for children, the publication of which they seem to have made a speciality in this business: "The Proverb Series," comprising "Birds of a Feather," "Fine Feathers do not make Fine Birds," and "Handsome is that Handsome does," all of which we have mentioned favorably some months since. Two of the volumes are written by Mrs. Bradlee, and one by Kate J. Neily; all are handsomely bound and illustrated. "The Pinks and Blues," by Rosa Abbott, "The Little Maid of Oxbow," by May Mannering, and "Home in the West," each being one of a separate series, and containing several good illustrations. The foregoing are all for quite young readers. For boys a little more advanced in years, the same publishers have issued "The Boys of Grand Pré School," which a young gentleman of our acquaintance tells us to say is an interesting story.

Terms, \$5.00 per Annum, payable in Advance. Single Numbers, 50 Cents.

THE
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AND
MONTHLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1870.

EDITED BY

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS, AND JAMES W. THOMPSON, D. D.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST."—*Martin Luther.*

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CONTENTS.

A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF RELIGIONS. F. T. WASHBURN.	489
A SCENE IN JUDEA	502
MANNERS. An Address delivered before several Young Ladies' Schools. By A. P. PEABODY, D.D.	505
SAINTS PAUL AND PETER AT ROME. By REV. C. T. BROOKS .	513
HAPPINESS OF THE FORSAKEN. From the German of J. KERNER .	528
ABOUT JESUS. By REV. C. S. LOCKE.	529
LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.	538
THE BLIND MAN'S THANKSGIVING	545
MEDITATIONS FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF DECEMBER. C. T. B.	546
PARATUS ET FIDELIS. E. FOXTON	548
CHRIST THE EVIDENCE OF GOD. F. T. W.	550

REVIEW OF THE MONTH. A Brief Record of our Religious Times.

New Church Universalism	557
France and Prussia. L.	559
The Two Festivals. L.	561
Christmas. L.	562
"Glory to God and Peace among Men." H. W. F.	564

RANDOM READINGS. Original and Selected Articles. By E. H. SEARS:—

Editorial Farewell. S.	569
Letter from James W. Thompson, D.D.	570
The Universalist Centennial	571
Big Words for Small Thoughts	572
Good News for Sick Folks	572
Bunsen	573
Carlyle and the War. L.	574
The Beautiful Gate. R.	575

NEW PUBLICATIONS	576
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

With this number of *The Religious Magazine and Monthly Review* Messrs. Sears & Ellis, much to my regret, resign their charge as Editors, a service which they have so well and faithfully performed the past twelve years, and Rev. Dr. Thompson, who has ably filled the place of Mr. Ellis the past six months, also retires; but all of them have promised to be contributors, and to give aid in conducting the Magazine so that our readers will continue to feel their influence through its pages.

Therefore it is my duty to announce to the subscribers the plan proposed for conducting the Magazine in future.

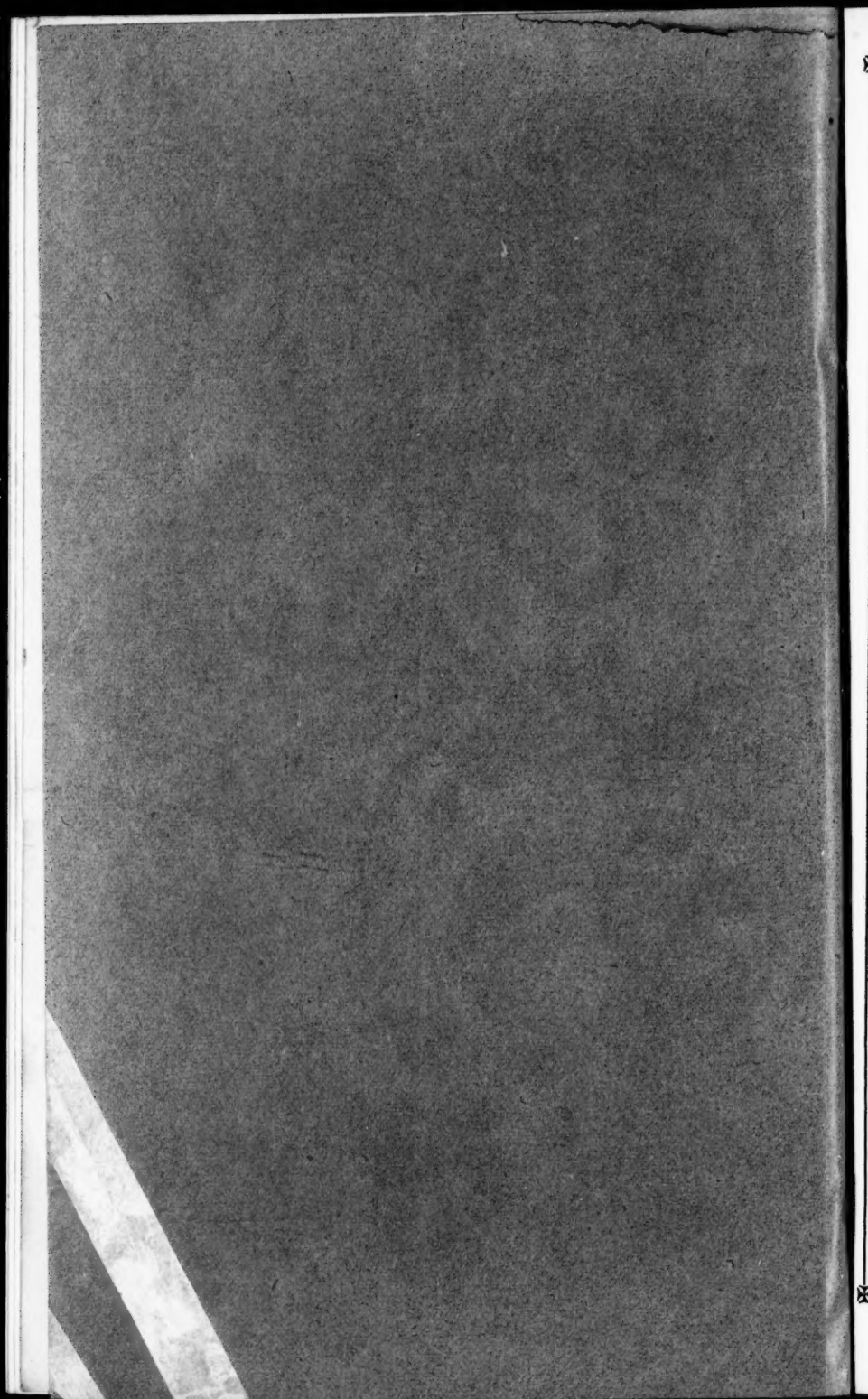
1st. The Editorial Department, including *Topics of the Month* and *Notices of New Publications*, will be in charge of several of the most distinguished Clergymen in the Denomination. Further particulars will be given hereafter.

2d. Each writer will be responsible for his own productions, and all the leading articles will bear the names of the authors.

3d. The Department of *Random Readings* will, as heretofore, be in charge of Rev. E. H. Sears.

This arrangement I hope and trust will be acceptable to the subscribers and readers of the Monthly, which I shall endeavor, with the aid of the Editors, and many valuable contributors, to carry to a position, even higher than that which it has already attained as a Religious Magazine and Theological Review.

L. C. BOWLES.



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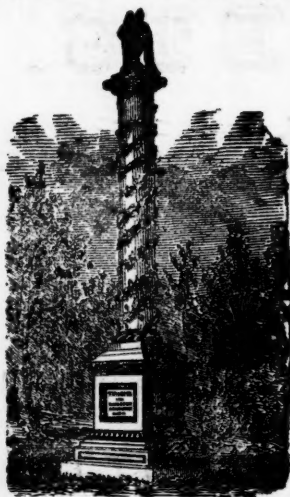
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